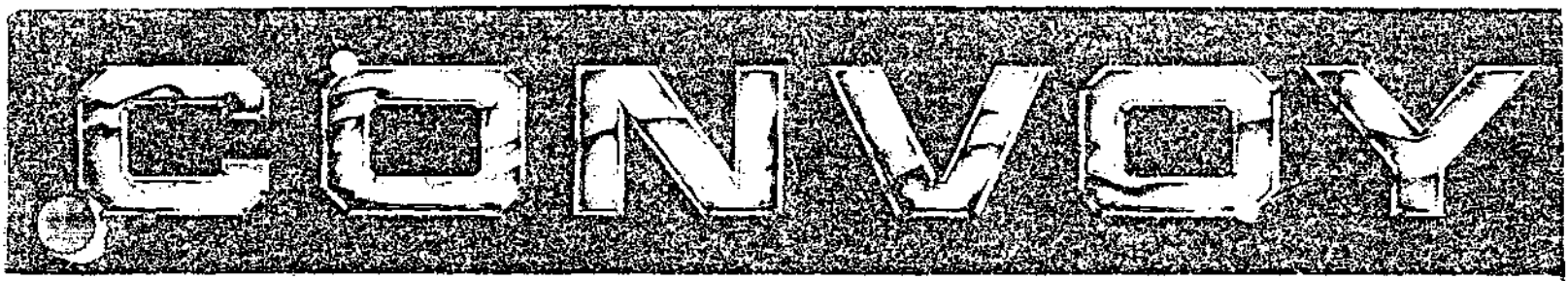

"CONVOY"

by

B.W.L. Norton

Inspired by the Song

"CONVOY"

by

William Fries

and

Louis Davis

SECOND DRAFT

January 19, 1977

"CONVOY"

Uh, breaker one-nine, this here's the rubber duck
You got a copy on me pig-pen, c'mon?

Uh, yeah 10-4 pig-pen, fer sure, fer sure
By golly it's clean clear to flag-town, c'mon?

Yeah, that's a big 10-4 there pig-pen, yeah
We definitely got the front door good buddy,
Mercy sakes alive, looks like we got us a convoy.

Was the dark of the moon on the sixth of June
In a kenworth pullin' logs
Cabover Pete with a reefer on
An' a jimmie haulin' hogs

We's headin' fer bear on 1-one-oh
'Bout a mile out a' shaky-town
I sez pig pen, this here's th' rubber duck
An' I'm about to put the hammer down

Cause we got a little ol' convoy, rockin' through the night
Yeah, we got a little ol' convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight?
Come on an' join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna git in our way
We gonna roll this truckin' convoy across the U.S.A.
Convoy, Convoy...

Uh, breaker pig-pen, this here's th' duck
An a-you wanna back off with them hogs?

10-4, 'bout five mile or so, 10 roger
Them hogs is gittin' in-tense up here.

By the time we got into Tulsa town
We had eight-five trucks in all
But they's a road-block up on the clover-leaf
An' them bears was wall to wall

Yeah, them smokies as thick as bugs on a bumper
They even had a bear in the air
I sez, callin' all trucks, this here's the duck
We about to go a-huntin' bear

Cause we got a great big convoy, rockin' through the night
Yeah, we got a great big convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight?
Come on an' join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna get in our way
We gonna roll this truckin' convoy across the U.S.A.
Convoy, convoy...

Uh, you wanna gimme a 10-9 on that pig-pen?
Uh, nega-tory pig-pen, yer still too close
Yeah, them hogs is startin' to close up my sinuses
Mercy sakes you better back off another ten.

Well we rolled up interstate forty-four
Like a rocket sled on rails
We tore up alla our swindle sheets
And left 'em settin' on the scales

By the time we hit that Chi-town
Them bears was-a-gittin' smart
They'd brought up some reinforcements
From the Illinois National Guard

There was armored cars and tanks and jeeps
An' rigs of every size
Yeah, them chicken coops was full o' bears
And choppers filled the skies

Well we shot the line and we went for broke
With a thousand screamin' trucks
And eleven long-haired friends o' Jesus
In a chartreuse micro-bus

Uh, rubber duck to sod buster
Come on there, yeah, 10-4 sod buster
Listen, you wanna put that micro-bus in
Behind that suicide jockey?
Yeah, he's haulin' dynamite and he
Needs all the help he can get

Well we laid a strip for the Jersey shore
And prepared to cross the line
I could see the bridge was lined with bears
But I didn't have a doggone dime

I sez pig-pen, this here's the rubber duck
We just ain'ta gonna pay no toll
So we crashed the gate doin' ninety-eight
I sez let them truckers roll, 10-4

Cause we got a mighty convoy, rockin' through the night
Yeah, we got a mighty convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight?
Come on an' join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna git in
our way
We gonna roll this truckin' convoy across the U.S.A.
Convoy, convoy...

Uh, 10-4 pig pen, what's your 20?... Omaha?
Well they oughta know what to do
With them hogs out there fer sure
Well, mercy sakes, good buddy, we gonna back on out
a here
So keep the bugs off your glass
And the bears off your... tail
And we'll ketch ya on the flip-flop
This here's the rubber duck on the side... we gone...
bye, bye...

1 CONVOY

Picture this. There's an old concrete span bridge running across a river. At one end of the bridge, blocking the road, is a big U.S. Army tank. A really big U.S. Army tank, the most modern type that has big antennae and radar and computers and rockets that could blow the living hell out of near anything, let alone the unarmed diesel truck that its weapons are trained on.

Behind the big black Mack truck is yet another tank, its guns also zeroed in on it. And behind that is a line of big rig diesels which stretches on around the bend. The drivers watch with rapt attention as dozens of bystanders and scores of battle-garbed POLICE and SOLDIERS surround the confrontation.

It is unnervingly quiet. The only SOUNDS are the slow rush of the RIVER, the LOW RUMBLE of the big Mack and the WHINE of the tank's hydraulic system as the turret spins around and sights in on the truck. Zzzzzz. Ticketta. Azzzzz.

The moment is fraught with such drama. It is so still that the police actually whisper into the big p.a. system that they have rigged up. There is no need to yell, the slightest jarring sound could trigger disaster.

POLICE P.A.
Surrender... Surrender immediately or you will be fired on.

2 RUBBER DUCK

The little rubber duck mounted on the hood ornament of the Mack announces to the world who our hero is. RUBBER DUCK, the Michelangelo of contemporary truckology.

He sits in his cab. White knuckles grip the steering wheel. Amphetamine eyes dart around like a snake's tongue and take it all in. The machine guns. The cannon. The soldiers with their AR-15's. And behind him, the men he has led halfway across the country. Good American truckers. His troops.

POLICE P.A.
Surrender. Get out of your truck with your hands over your head.

Duck glances at the police and his eyes betray a startling weariness.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

The years of worry and forced endurance have taken a terrible toll and aged and eroded his face well beyond his thirty-some-odd years. Too many miles, strange women, strong drink.

POLICE P.A.
(continuing)
You will be fired upon unless you surrender. You have ten seconds. One... two... three...

Suddenly Duck shouts an ear-shattering Indian warwhoop which in turn is drowned out by the bull ROAR of four hundred DIESEL horses while above, a black hammerhead of diesel smoke signals a declaration of war. Yaaaaaaa!

3 THE CHARGE

SEEN FROM A LOW ANGLE, the truck leaps forward charging certain death, the tank ahead.

4 INT. THE TANK - DAY

The SOLDIERS and POLICE can't believe it. This crazy son of a bitch is charging US! The MACHINE GUNNER fumbles with his weapon.

5 POLICE SURROUNDING THE BRIDGE

There's a mad rush for cover.

6 DUCK'S TRUCK

Screaming that crazy Indian warwhoop, his truck charges the tank.

He ducks beneath the dash and steers blindly.

7 TANK AND TRUCK

Almost miraculously, the truck squeezes into the space between the tank and the metal retaining wall on the inside edge of the bridge. The truck hits both the retaining wall and the tank, tearing off its fenders and doors. BUT IT DOES GET PAST THE TANK ONTO THE BRIDGE.

8 INT. TANK - DAY

The Gunner screams at the Other Soldier.

GUNNER
Around. Around.

The turret begins twisting around.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 OTHER END OF THE BRIDGE - RIOT CONTROL CAR

An armored riot control car is on the far end of the bridge. TEXAS STATE POLICE is written across the side in big letters.

A police officer we will get to know later as LYLE WALLACE is in the turret on top of the car with a mounted M-60 machine gun. He shows none of the hesitation of the National Guardsman. He puts his iron on automatic and cuts loose, full on rock and roll.

10 DUCK'S TRUCK

BULLETS tear the windshield completely out. Steam shoots out of a punctured radiator. The rubber duck hood ornament is shot away. Still, the truck gets closer and closer with no sign of slowing.

11 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK

A BULLET RIPS through Duck's arm. But he feels no pain and knows no fear. His mind is his shield. Rage.

12 LYLE AND ARMORED CAR

A ragged edge of panic shows on Lyle's face. His bullets have no effect. His barrel smokes as his BULLETS etch a jagged scar across a sign on the side of Duck's truck which reads: VOLATILE CHEMICALS.

LYLE
Blow, you asshole!

13 DUCK'S RIG

Coupled with the power of the explosives contained in the truck's cargo, the resultant effect is something slightly less than nuclear.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

A fireball mushrooms into the sky, accompanied by pieces of truck, bridge, an uprooted tree, four or five wheels.

CAMERA MOVES IN on the bullet-shredded Rubber Duck.

14 EXTREME CLOSEUP - THE BULLET-SHREDDED RUBBER DUCK

on top of a casket on the back of Pig Pen's truck.

PULL BACK TO:

15 EXT. MAIN STREET - SMALL TOWN - DAY

Funeral procession. Biggest funeral procession you've ever seen. A phalanx of motorcycle cops clears traffic.

Next are some limousines filled with wives, ex-wives, girlfriends, children, immediate and extended family. Following that are more limousines, carrying many who look suspiciously like politicians.

And behind that, the longest damn convoy of trucks that our budget can afford. All kinds of trucks. Big rig cross-country jobs. A cement truck here. Macks, K-whoppers, Jimmies, Fruitlines, every age, shape, description, and size.

But they all have one thing in common, a community of emotion. These men, a living embodiment of the American cowboy tradition, a lonely breed, men too proud to cry, can't help but shed a tear or two now. The Duck is dead.

We HEAR OVER the LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM and a number of C.B. RADIOS a SONG mourning the death of Rubber Duck. This will be a song written for the movie and will be of the JOHN HENRY-BIG, BAD JOHN-PAUL BUNYAN variety. You know the type. Usually there's a line about how John was six foot six and weighed three hundred pounds and died to save the school children... myth.

16 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A small group stands on the sidewalk watching as the procession approaches. A handsome young man (whom we will meet later as MOTOR MIKE) stands beside his young WIFE, who holds their newly born SON.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

A kindly-faced WOMAN stands nearby watching. She is more interested in the infant than the funeral procession.

WOMAN
What a beautiful child! Just adorable!

MRS. MOTOR MIKE
Thank you.

WOMAN
Such a pretty head of hair. What's his name?

MRS. MOTOR MIKE
Rubber Duck.

WOMAN
(shocked but polite)
Rubber Duck? That's an unusual name.

MRS. MOTOR MIKE
He's named after the man whose funeral this is.

WOMAN
Oh... well, he must have been a very important man, I mean judging from the size of the procession here.

MRS. MOTOR MIKE
He was. He was very important. He was the greatest truck driver that ever lived.

The Woman is too well bred to scoff.

WOMAN
The greatest truck driver that ever lived? What did he do?

MRS. MOTOR MIKE
Started the convoy.

WOMAN
Oh, you mean those trucks that...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. MOTOR MIKE
Yes.

WOMAN
Oh, well, I understand... it's a shame he had to pass away. Was he a friend of yours, Rubber Duck?

MRS. MOTOR MIKE
No, but my husband knew him and she was there when it all began.

She indicates the pretty BLONDE WOMAN who is standing nearby. The Woman smiles and on that smile, with a burst of MUSIC, we:

SLAM CUT TO:

17 EXT. EMPTY STRETCH OF DESERT ROAD - DAY

A yellow XKE races BY CAMERA at tremendous speed.

TITLES BEGIN.

18 CLOSER ON THE XKE

The driver is the Blonde Woman. She's tall, with the all-American cream cheese looks that one would associate with a toothpaste commercial.

Her car moves along at about eighty per when she approaches a slower moving truck ahead. Although going slower than the XKE, it is still traveling considerably above the nationwide fifty-five miles per hour speed limit.

The XKE brakes, waits a moment, then pulls out and passes the truck.

19 INT. TRUCK AND DRIVER - DAY

It is Rubber Duck and the change in his appearance from the opening scene is dramatic. He's clean shaven now, with a fresh white cowboy shirt. He has the sturdy good looks of a younger Marlboro man.

He grins at the passing girl (known in the trade as a Seat Cover because of the angle from which an alert trucker can peruse a woman's thighs.)

20 INT. XKE - DAY

As she passes the truck, the scarf holding her hair comes undone. She steers with one hand, holding the scarf with the other.

Now she slows to forty and steers with her knee as she uses both hands to retie the scarf.

21 DUCK

Muttering angrily, he has to brake to avoid rear-ending the XKE. The girl continues adjusting her scarf. Duck HONKS. She still doesn't speed up and finally he has to shift into a lower gear and pull into the next lane to pass her.

22 XKE AND TRUCK

The truck pulls out side by side with the XKE, but the girl, although still doing her hair, doesn't want to be passed. She steps on it and their speed goes up to fifty-five.

Getting angry now, Duck increases his speed which in turn angers the girl, and pretty soon both cars are going side by side down the road at eighty miles per hour, neither one wanting to surrender the pole position.

After a few moments of this, each driver mouthing four and twelve letter obscenities at the other, going up and down dips in the road, mad as hell, Duck looks up ahead and sees a Highway Patrol car appear at the crest of a hill.

The police car has to swerve off onto the shoulder of the road to avoid a head-on.

A big cloud of dust kicks up as the car passes. Duck looks back at the COP, knowing that he's had it. And sure enough, the Cop makes a U-turn and comes roaring back after him with his bubble gum machine lights screaming fiery anger.

The XKE speeds ahead as Duck pulls his rig over.

END TITLES.

23 DUCK

He's breathing fire as he gets out of his truck and walks back to the Cop.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

COP
Log book, please.

DUCK
Pardner, you got the wrong vehicle. That broad in the XKE passed me doin' about eighty, then slowed down to forty to comb her hair, then when I tried...

COP
Your log book.

Duck hands it over.

COP
(continuing)
I'm citing you for ten miles over the speed limit and reckless driving.

DUCK
That's a hundred dollar fine!

COP
Uh-huh.

Duck sizes the Cop up. He's young and hardnosed, probably just graduated from the academy.

DUCK
Okay. Look. I'm not going to try to talk you out of it. You got me dead to rights, but I'll tell you, man, if you saw what I saw, you wouldn't a done a bit different.

COP
(writing)
What was that?

DUCK
That broad in the XKE didn't have any pants on. ... Here I am looking down and there it is...

COP
(writing)
There what was?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK
Whattaya think? Didn't you hear me? She didn't have any pants on.

COP
Really!

DUCK
Yeah, belly button down, nothin'. Tell ya. This is one ticket that's worth it.

COP
(falling for it)
You mean she was just sitting there naked?

DUCK
Yeah, I couldn't believe it myself. I figure she's some rich guy's wife. Y'know the old man sits behind a desk all day, can't get it up anymore, so she gets her kicks driving around showing it off to truckers.

COP
No panties or anything?

DUCK
Nope.

The Cop looks hungrily down the road. The XKE can still be SEEN in the distance.

COP
She's really eating up road. Must be doin' eighty-five.

DUCK
Well, hell, man, go do your duty.

The Cop is torn between the half-written ticket and the promise of forbidden delights. He is almost salivating as he looks at the disappearing XKE.

COP
Okay, look. I'm going to let you off with a stern warning, but you watch yourself, hear?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

DUCK
Yessir. I won't do it again. And thank you, sir.

The officer hurries back to his car and roars off. Duck grins triumphantly as he climbs back in his truck.

24 INT. DUCK'S RIG - DAY

He starts his engine, then as he pulls back out onto the highway, he grabs his C.B. radio.

DUCK
Break one-nine for a smokey report. We got a bear running east on eye-4-oh. His twenty is about mile marker two-four-three. Anybody out there got a copy on me? Come on?

VOICE
(radio)
Ten-roger, good buddy. And we sure do thank you. What's your twenty there, guy?

DUCK
Aw, we eastbound about the same spot. Where're you? How 'bout it...

VOICE
'Bout a mile over your shoulder. Come on?

Duck looks in his rear view mirror.

DUCK
Oh, yeah. I got an eyeball on you. Fancy cab over and something behind you there.

VOICE
That's a big ten-four. Good buddy. You got one Motor Mike at your back door and my handle is Love Machine. We a class-A truckologist driving the cleanest Mack machine you ever seen.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

VOICE (CONT'D)
We call it Love Machine on account of my custom-built orgiastic sleeper cab which comes fully equipped with quadraphonic sound, color TV, pink rabbit fur side paneling, a water bed, bar, and a love mirror on the ceiling, and...

DUCK
Yeah, and you got yourself something else there, pardner. You got yourself a real motormouth, you ratchet jaw, come on.

VOICE
Uh, we take that a little personal there, friend. We hope you got the wherefore to back up that kinda lip. How 'bout it...

DUCK
Now don't get your bowels in an uproar, good buddy. Don't you recognize who this is?

VOICE
Negatory. 'Who this is?'

DUCK
This here is the Rubber Duck! You old bandit.

25 INT. PIG PEN'S RIG - DAY

The rig is everything he claims it to be. A regular Las Vegas whorehouse on wheels. Pink fur side panels. Red velvet headliner. Quad and a sleeper cab in the back with mirrors all over it.

Its DRIVER, on the other hand, is no Mr. America. He's like your friend in high school who didn't have much to offer the ladies except his fast, good-looking car, and even that never did him much good.

LOVE MACHINE (PIG PEN)
Hey, Duck! That really you? Rubber Duck from Albuquerque? Come back?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

DUCK (V.O.)
Last time I looking in the mirror it was me.

PIG PEN
Well, ain't that nice. Hey, Motor Mike. You know who this is? We got us the best front door in the whole cotton-pickin' business. Rubber Duck was born with the Smokey Radar. Got his ears on little pivots so they wiggle around like radar catching Bear-signs. You got a copy on that, Motor Mike? Over. How 'bout it?

26 INT. MOTOR MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY

He's a nice looking kid in his twenties who doesn't talk much and always seems to be playing on his harmonica. You just automatically like this guy. Something about him. He drives an ancient, rattling old Diamond Red.

MOTOR MIKE
10-4. We got you. Glad to be runnin' with you, Rubber Duck. My X-Y-L's back at that Home 20 about to have a baby and we got the hammer down to be there when it commences, 4-10?

27 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY

PIG PEN
Yeah, you better be glad 'cause we gonna make <u>Tiiime</u>, boy. Rubber Duck keeps his pedal to the metal and not only that, he don't get caught. The boy's bear-proof. How long's it been since you got a ticket, Duck? Come on.

28 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

DUCK
Oh mercy, been a while now.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

DUCK (CONT'D)
Praise the Lord. Ten-four. Where're you headed, pardner? Bring 'er back.

PIG PEN (V.O.)
Atlanta.

DUCK
What kinda gig you got hauling to Atlanta? That's a new route for you, ain't it? Come on...

PIG PEN (V.O.)
Yeah, new job to Atlanta.

DUCK
Haulin' what? I can't eyeball it. You got a reefer on?

The questions are making Pig Pen uptight. Something he doesn't want to know about.

PIG PEN (V.O.)
Uh, negatory. I don't got a reefer on.

DUCK
(looking in the side mirror)
Then what are you...?

Then steers to the left a little so he can get a better look back.

DUCK
(continuing)
Love Machine. You ain't a haulin' go-go girls, are you?

29 EXT. PIG PEN'S RIG - DAY

FROM A NEW ANGLE, we can SEE his trailer and he's hauling the smelliest bunch of hogs (go-go girls) you can imagine. About a hundred of them bouncing together, pissing and passing wind all over each other.

PIG PEN
Don't laugh, Duck. Don't you laugh. I don't see a damn thing funny in this. I mean it.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

DUCK (V.O.)
I'm not laughin'. It's just that you and that whorehouse rig a yours are about the last I'd expect to see haulin' hogs. Bring it back?

PIG PEN
Well, good buddy, it ain't funny. Mercy sakes, it's tragic is what it is. I mean, you know my wheels, Duck. We got us a regular award-winning show truck here. Women get hot just lookin' at it. And here I am haulin' smelly pigs. How's my beautiful rig gonna catch me any beaver when I'm haulin' smelly pigs? Come on?

DUCK (V.O.)
Catch you another pig maybe. But then that wouldn't be any different than normal.

PIG PEN
Har. Har. Har. You're a real comedian.

DUCK (V.O.)
Yeah, and we're gonna have to change your handle from Love Machine to Pig Pen this trip.

PIG PEN
Now dammit, Duck. That ain't funny at all. I worked hard for eleven straight years to get this rig. And there ain't another rig nowhere that I can hold my head up to... And you know something? One time there was this waitress in Charlottesville, and she paid me. You hear that? Paid me to let her do it with her boyfriend in my cab... And I'll tell you something else, too...

30 EXT. HIGHWAY AND DESERT - DAY

As the three trucks move across some picturesque desert scenery, their C.B. VOICES can be HEARD. It's the way they pass the time, laughing and kidding each other. Good company always makes a rough job a little easier.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. THE CONVOY - HIGHWAY AND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

On the C.B.

DUCK
Break one nine, this is Rubber Duck. Eastbound at 343 and I'm needing a bear report. Anybody up ahead got a copy on me? Come on?

COTTON MOUTH (V.O.)
10-4. This is the Cotton Mouth here, Rubber Duck. I got your front door at about 350 and there ain't a bear in sight. She's clean and green, bring it on up...

DUCK
Well, front door Cotton Mouth, it looks like you got me and two others in your rockin' chair here. Come on.

COTTON MOUTH (V.O.)
10-4, that's definitely my pleasure, but you want to convoy with me, you better be a mover 'cause this old boy don't know but one way to ride and that's with that <u>hammer poundin'</u>!

DUCK
Ten-Roger, Cotton Mouth. What are you pushin' there, a 747?

COTTON MOUTH (V.O.)
Next to you cotton pickers, that's what it might seem like. This ole Jimmy can blow the doors off anything on the road.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

PIG PEN
Breaker Breaker. Except maybe my Custom Mark Two Bulldog.

COTTON MOUTH (V.O.)
Who is this?

PIG PEN
We got the Love Machine here and we driving the meanest mightiest Mack this here super slab ever eyeballed.

COTTON MOUTH (V.O.)
Way I hear it, Bulldogs is pussy.

PIG PEN
(outraged)
Well, I'll tell you what, Mr. Cotton Mouth. We'll just see about that. We gonna do it to it here and before you can say GMC stands for General Mess of Crap, my Bulldog is gonna be nippin' the fur offa your raggedy ass. Down and out.

Duck is laughing. Anything to make the day go by faster.

32 EXT. HIGHWAY - TRUCKS - DAY

Pig Pen pulls out in the second lane and screws it down. Duck is still about thirty yards ahead of him.

About fifty yards ahead of Duck is another vehicle. A white Plymouth. It just smells of cop.

Not insignificantly, there's a C.B. antenna poking out of the roof.

33 INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

Piloting this vehicle is an individual whom we saw at the bridge and know as Lyle R. Wallace. He is wearing a police uniform and a gun and he is broadcasting under the handle of Cotton Mouth. Lyle thinks he owns eye-one-oh and he damn near does. His name is infamous among pavement pilots.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

In a more sophisticated clime, what he is doing would be called police entrapment.

LYLE
Breaker one nine. Cotton Mouth to Rubber Duck and Love Machine. We lookin' come on?

DUCK (V.O.)
Go, Cotton Mouth.

LYLE
What's yer twenty? I backed it off... Damn near stopped here, but I can't see nothin' behind me but slab... Mercy sakes, thought you boys were movers.

34 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY

He's muttering to himself. GODDAMNIGNORANTSONSABITCH. And he's got the pedal to the metal.

35 INT. MOTOR MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY

He's just along for the ride. Like Duck, he's a little amused by the whole thing. A pleasant diversion from the real task, hard, long, boring hours at the wheel.

36 INT. RUBBER DUCK'S RIG - DAY

LYLE (V.O.)
Get it on, you turkeys. Where are you?

Duck looks at his radio. Something ain't right about this. He looks up ahead and spots the Plymouth with the C.B. antenna. Jesus!

DUCK
Back 'em down! Back 'em down! We got a bear in a plain brown wrapper.

37 INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

Of course Lyle hears this too. But any slowing down now is too late. He's got 'em good. He puts a little flashing red light up on his rooftop, then flicks on his siren and signals the three trucks to pull over.

38 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK

Pissed off! Smokey gone too far this time. You can almost see the steam coming out of Duck's ears.

39 EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - DAY

He brakes and pulls over. Motor Mike and Pig Pen pull in behind him, then get out of their rigs and walk with Duck up to Lyle's car.

Lyle leans his two hundred pounds against his car. He's a good looking man. With his cowboy hat and Western-cut uniform, he looks like an Old West sheriff. The corners of his mouth curl up in a slow grin. It's a real nice score. Three at once. Jack the giant killer.

LYLE
Screwin' it down there a bit, weren't you, boys?

DUCK
You're Lyle Wallace?

LYLE
Yup -- looks like I finally got the Rubber Duck.

DUCK
I shoulda figured it was you on the 2-way.

LYLE
What 2-way?

DUCK
The C.B., Cotton Mouth.

LYLE
Couldn't a been me. I don't have a C.B. Anyway, I don't believe in police entrapment.

PIG PEN
Yeah, and a cottonmouth ain't a snake, you sonuvabith.

Duck gives Pig Pen a look. Cool it. No use making it any worse.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

LYLE
Yeah, let's keep it civil. Now I could write you up for seventy-five, but just for the sake of argument, let's say you were doing seventy, which will run you about...

MOTOR MIKE
Thirty-five plus another hundred or so for what it does to our insurance.

LYLE
Well, it might be more than that. You see, our judge... has had some problems with his son smoking marijuana y'know and, well...

DUCK
(reaching for his wallet, only too happy)
How much?

LYLE
Fifty each.

PIG PEN
Boy, you are one low scummy mother...

LYLE
Sixty each.

Pig Pen looks like he is about to slug Lyle, but Duck calms him down.

DUCK
Take it easy. You rather go to court?

PIG PEN
It's a punk beef. Cuts all my profit outta the trip.

MAD MIKE
And leaves me with five bucks to eat on.

LYLE
Well, if you'd rather take your chances in court, hell, I've got a real nice jail and I'll impound your rigs all safe and...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK
I got to hand it to you, Lyle. You're the biggest goddamn pirate on the road and you get away with it.

He gives him the fifty bucks as does Pig Pen. Motor Mike is the last to fork it over.

MOTOR MIKE
Y'know, Lyle, someday you're gonna find yourself off in a ditch somewhere feeding flies.

Mike looks like he is about to swing at Lyle.

DUCK
Don't make it any worse.

He grabs Motor Mike by the arm and pulls him away before he can get them into any more trouble.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The trucks eating up miles.

41 EXT. THE GLIDE INN TRUCK STOP - RESTAURANT - DAY

Our three truckers pull into a truck stop (known in the trade as a choke 'n puke).

As the truckers walk to the cafe entrance, Duck spots something. The XKE that almost caused him to get a ticket is hanging off the back of a tow truck, oil dripping out from underneath.

42 INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

VIOLET, a sultry truck stop waitress, is feeding APRIL coffee and consolation when the truckers amble in. Pig Pen and Mike go to the counter but Duck looks around until he spots Violet. He walks over and gives her a friendly kiss.

DUCK
Hi, angel.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

VIOLET
Hi, baby. You're running late.

DUCK
Just a little.

VIOLET
This is April.

DUCK
Oh, yeah. She belongs to that yellow XKE. What happened to it?

VIOLET
Blew a rod. You know each other?

DUCK
(to April)
We sorta met. I was passing you in the black truck when the cop came up over the hill.

APRIL
(recognizing him)
Oh yeah... you're the guy who told the cop I was nude driving.

VIOLET
What?!

Duck looks a little sheepish.

APRIL
But hey, it's all right. It worked out real well. I mean I always appreciate a little bullshit...

DUCK
You do...

APRIL
Yeah, I was sort of surprised when he asked me about exposing myself and I denied it of course, but then I thought maybe I should just let him <u>think</u> it was true... Y'know and one thing led to another and finally I asked him if he knew where there were any good motels where I could stay, and he said he did, then asked me if he could meet me later.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

VIOLET
You didn't make it with a cop, did you?

APRIL
Hell no. I said I'd go off to get the room, and as soon as he was out of sight, I was right back doin' eighty.

VIOLET
That's great!

DUCK
Yeah, that's really beautiful.

APRIL
Yeah, I was kind of proud of myself, but what I did next was even better.

DUCK
What?

APRIL
I went to a phone booth and called the sheriff's station and talked to the nicest fella... Lyle Wallace. He seemed interested in your big black truck...

She smiles triumphantly. Duck's jaw almost falls open.

DUCK
You got me my first ticket in six years.

VIOLET
Oh, honey... You shouldn'ta done that. This is Rubber Duck.

APRIL
Rubber Shmuck?

VIOLET
Duck's the one I was telling you about, he's goin' through Atlanta.

April looks at Duck, realizing immediately the immensity of her error.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

APRIL
Ohhhh...

VIOLET
I told her you'd give her a ride.

DUCK
And now you can tell her I'm not.

VIOLET
But she's stranded, Duck, and it's no sweat off your back and...

DUCK
(taking Violet by the arm)
Tell you what, let's go out to the rig and talk it over.

Violet pouts for a moment, then agrees with a reluctant nod of the head. As they start to leave, Violet leans back to April and gives her a conspiratorial wink.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. TRUCK STOP

April sits brooding over a cup of coffee. She feels lonely and alien to this truck stop world. She looks at the cowboy hat, the boots with silver tips, the tired unshaven faces. It is a rough tough crew here, intimidating to a city girl.

A WAITRESS is nearby taking an order over the restaurant's C.B. radio.

RADIO VOICE
Huevos rancheros, side order of chili, chocolate cake, french fries, and battery acid.

WAITRESS
(into radio)
Gotcha, darlin'. What's your twenty?

RADIO VOICE
'Bout five miles east.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

WAITRESS
Okay, honey. It'll be on the counter here waitin' for you. Glide Inn out.

She fills out the order and takes it to the cook.

WIDOW WOMAN, a lady truck driver sitting next to Pig Pen, turns to him. Despite her appearance, levis, cowboy hat and boots, thick leather Burt Reynolds wristlets, and battle scarred fists, despite this butch persona, she has a heart as vast as the great American West, and even sports a healthy fondness for young boys. It is upon Motor Mike that her nocturnal reveries are presently focused.

Motor Mike, who is sitting on the other side of her, catches sight of something in the parking lot.

MOTOR MIKE
Hey, Pig Pen... look out there.

He points. Pig Pen spins around and looks.

44 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Lyle has pulled into the parking lot and is cruising slowly, checking the trucks.

45 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

MOTOR MIKE
Whatta ya suppose he's doing?

PIG PEN
Checking plates I imagine.

They watch him for a moment, then Pig Pen gets an idea. He goes to the C.B. radio on the other side of the counter. Mike looks at him.

PIG PEN
(continuing)
Charley, quick. You hear me?

He hands Mike the mike.

PIG PEN
(continuing; whispers)
Say yes.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

MOTOR MIKE
I hear ya. Whattaya want?

PIG PEN
There's a cop cruising the lot checking plates. You got this year's tags?

Pig Pen shakes his head, indicating that Mike should say no.

MOTOR MIKE
(getting the idea)
Negatory. I'm screwed. He's gonna get me.

PIG PEN
Well, jump out. I got some hot ones. Slap 'em on and he'll never know.

Pig Pen stifles a laugh as Lyle, who has obviously heard the transmission, begins cruising the parking lot looking for the truckers with the illegal plates.

Widow Woman and some of the other cafe patrons yuk it up as they watch Lyle sneak around on his wild goose chase. He moves from one truck to another, stops, looks. Real True Detective stealth.

After a moment, Pig Pen gets back on the radio.

PIG PEN
(continuing)
You get 'em on, Charley?

He hands the mike to Mike.

MOTOR MIKE
Yeah, I got 'em on.

46 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK SLEEPER - DAY

As Duck makes love to Violet in a coupling which would indicate an unusually creative as well as athletic turn of mind, Duck's C.B. radio is tuned to Mike and Pig Pen's conversation.

47 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

PIG PEN
Good. You know who that bear was? Dirty Lyle. Ain't he a dufus mother, though?

MOTOR MIKE
That's fer sure.

PIG PEN
I mean, it's bad enough that he's so ignorant, but you ever see him walk?

MOTOR MIKE
You mean sorta twitchy like?

PIG PEN
Yeah, a little effeminate, like one of these hairdressers you see around, y'know.

MOTOR MIKE
You saying you think he could be one of them 'bisexual gays'?

PIG PEN
Could be, but I'll tell you, ugly as he is, he couldn't have much success at it.

MOTOR MIKE
For sure. Can you imagine what kinda family he musta come from?

48 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Duck and Violet are laughing at the C.B. conversation as they make love in another unusual coupling.

PIG PEN (V.O.)
Dude like that couldn'a had a family. Bet he's one of them test tube babies where they mated a lady gorilla with a hog or walrus or somethin'.

MOTOR MIKE (V.O.)
Well, whatever it was, pardner, when God was passin' out assholes, Old Dirty Lyle got himself a surplus portion.

49 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Lyle is still searching when he catches sight of a whole cafe full of truckers standing at the window watching him and laughing.

Lyle looks up at the C.B. antenna on the roof of the cafe and he knows.

50 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK

He hears the waitress' voice over the C.B.

WAITRESS (V.O.)
Here he comes!

51 INT. CAFE - DAY

WAITRESS
He saw the antenna.

PIG PEN
Well, I'll be talking on you later, good buddy. Thanks for the help.

MOTOR MIKE
My pleasure. Gone, bye.

He puts the C.B. back, then sits back down at the counter all sunshine and innocence.

Lyle comes through the door, then just stands there checking it all over. He's a big man, over six feet, and with his cowboy hat and boots, he has a commanding presence, like a modern day Matt Dillon. The room goes quiet as would the saloons of yore. The only SOUND is the tinkling of the JUKEBOX.

In the b.g., April goes to join Violet, who is beckoning to her from a side door.

Lyle catches sight of Mike and Pig Pen. - Ambles over. Stands there for a moment.

LYLE
(to Pig Pen)
How much cash you got in your pockets?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

PIG PEN
You oughtta know. You took most of it.

LYLE
(to Mike)
How 'bout you?

MIKE
Five bucks.

LYLE
Well, young fella, you're under arrest for vagrancy. Get up against the counter.

Duck hurries into the room buckling up his belt.

DUCK
What's going on?

MIKE
He's arresting me for vagrancy and I'm not going to any jail, man. My wife's having a baby and I'm goin' home.

DUCK
It's true, Lyle. His wife is nine months and two weeks gone and...

Mike turns to leave.

LYLE
Get up there!

He grabs Mike and shoves him up against the counter, but Mike turns and catches him a hook to the jaw that sends him spinning back against the counter and sliding to the floor.

Duck pulls Mike back. As he struggles to hold Mike, Lyle draws his service revolver. Duck spins and, before Lyle can shoot, nails him with a vicious kick to the chops. Lyle's head smashes against the counter and he sinks down, unconscious, on top of his revolver.

Duck turns to Mike.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK
Get out to your truck.

As Mike starts to go, Duck leans down and quickly uses the unconscious man's handcuffs to secure him to the counter footrail, then hands the key to Violet.

52 AT THE DOOR

As Mike goes out the door, two new police are entering. They stop as they see Rubber Duck handcuffing their fellow officer.

FIRST COP
Hey, what the...

Before he can finish his sentence, Mike attacks. He tackles the first one, knocking him onto the second and thereby allowing Duck and Pig time to get into the fray.

Pig Pen bear-hugs the First Cop while the second takes a karate stance. Duck walks right into it. Catches a chop across the thorax and falls back onto somebody's huevos rancheros. The cop jumps onto Duck, but Duck nails him across the left ear with the cold hard edge of a metal sugar bowl.

The cop falls back onto Pig Pen, Mike and the second cop who are flailing around in a mass of arms and legs. Duck jumps into the fray and soon five grown men are rolling around on the ground like kids in a playground battle.

Recalling a lesson of his police hand-to-hand combat training, i.e., that the human tooth is a little used but spectacularly effective weapon, that officer lays his jaws full force onto Pig Pen's scalp. Pig lets out a howl as blood streams down.

PIG PEN
Owww! Get him off!

Duck comes to the rescue, lays into the cop, punching him again and again until he lapses into a sonambulent state.

DUCK
(to Pig Pen)
Cuff him. I'll help Mike.

Pig Pen fumbles with the handcuffs as Duck wades into the second cop with the full force of a three pound blood drenched hand.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

With the double teaming efforts of Mike and Duck, the police officer is subdued in record time. He is cuffed to the First Cop.

DUCK
(continuing)
Let's get the hell outta here.

As they start for the door, someone in the back of the room claps softly.

A VOICE
You're my man, Rubber Duck.

Other truckers join in the AD LIBS... That's beautiful, Duck... You got 'em... nailed him good.

The group, joined now by Widow Woman and three other truckers, heads out to the parking lot.

53 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

DUCK
Somebody yank the ignition wires on that black and white.

A trucker goes to the car belonging to the two police, opens the hood and pulls out a handful of distributor cap and ignition wires.

Duck does the same on Lyle's car.

DUCK
(continuing; looking at Pig Pen's ear)
You all right, buddy?

PIG PEN
Yeah, no problem...

WIDOW WOMAN
What's it gonna be, Duck?

DUCK
Think we better play it for all it's worth.

PIG PEN
Get our asses across that state line, huh?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

DUCK
You got it. We're gonna have ourselves one hell of a convoy!

WHOOMP. WHOOMP. Someone blasts an AIRHORN, accenting the drama of the moment.

54 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Lyle is coming around. He shakes some of the fuzz out of his head and then starts to get up, but is pulled back by the handcuffs on his wrist.

LYLE
Cuffs!

The Waitress and a couple of customers stand around watching him. He reaches for his keys but realizes they are missing.

LYLE
(continuing)
Who the hell took my keys?

The Waitresses look at each other... "I don't know."

55 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The convoy is really moving. Eighty... eighty-five. Seven trucks now.

56 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Lyle is fully alert and in a complete fury now. He screams.

LYLE
Get me the hell outta these sonsabitches.

VIOLET
(calm, stalling)
We'll see if we can round up a hacksaw. Or maybe a cutting torch. Jim, Ed has one, doesn't he? Tina, where's he working today?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

TINA
I'm not sure. Seems like I heard he was overta...

Lyle tugs on the cuffs. Gets madder, and finally his rage reaches a crescendo as he finds his service revolver and BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! sheds three slugs into the pipe, kicks at it, then BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! fires again, then starts kicking until it breaks free and he can pull his hand loose.

LYLE
(a threat)
I'll be talking to you later.

He gets up and runs out. The other two handcuffed Cops look up at him.

FIRST COP
What about us?

LYLE
Call a cop.

57 EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

Lyle sees that his car and the black and white have been sabotaged. He mutters a twelve-letter obscenity, then looks around desperately.

Just then a pair of TEENAGERS come driving up. The pregnant looking bulge on the hood is an indication of a hot engine underneath. Most likely supercharged.

Lyle runs towards them.

58 INT. KID'S CAR - DAY

They see Lyle running towards them.

PIMPLY KID
Oh, Jesus. Here, eat it, quick.

His girlfriend, an obese young lady in short shorts, pulls out a baggie of marijuana and begins shoveling it in her mouth. The Pimply Boy follows suit. Shoves a handful of the green leafy substance in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

PIMPLY KID
(continuing; turns to Lyle; big smile)
Rmmmm. Wiiiii. Rmmmmmth.

Spitting marijuana, he is mumbling something to the effect of... What can I do for you, officer? Lyle don't stand much on ceremony. Without so much as a howdy-do, he grabs the pimply little bastard, and pulls him out of the car, then gets in, opens the passenger door and shoves the fat girl out, steps on the gas and takes off in a blaze of blue burning rubber.

The fat girl and the boy watch their car disappear. The girl turns to the boy.

FAT GIRL
Agrrphhf.

She mumbles, spitting out some homegrown.

59 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY — local

An elderly Medicaid couple are poking along in an ancient Model "T." Ma at the wheel doing about forty per when suddenly they are approached from behind and passed by seven screaming trucks. Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Ma is so rattled she has to stop and pull over to catch her breath. Land sakes!

60 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

Duck, motivating along, talking on the C.B.

DUCK
I got us a little secret route across the state line.

61 INTERCUT - INT. MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY

MOTOR MIKE
Once we cross that, think we're okay?

DUCK
4-10, but don't plan on coming through this state for a while, there'll be warrants all over the place.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

MOTOR MIKE
That's the last thing I want to do. Hey, how about that big agricultural chicken coop up ahead? You know a way around that, too?

DUCK
Four, I think so. I'll check the map. Back in a short short.

He reaches over into the glove compartment and fumbles among the maps and cassette tapes but doesn't find the map he is looking for.

62 EXT. HIGHWAY AND OTHER TRUCKS - DAY

Lyle is screaming up on the convoy, passing the backdoor and the rocking chair, doing about a hundred. He approaches the crest of the hill, at the bottom of which is Duck's truck.

63 ANGLE LOOKING BACK

ANGLE is such that we SEE PAST Duck who is reaching back blindly behind him into the sleeper. We SEE that April is hiding there and is pressed back up against the wall looking fearful and carefully quiet.

Duck reaches back for the map, but feels something unfamiliar and soft.

A snarl passes like a thundercloud across April's face, but she manages to keep her mouth shut. The unfamiliar object that Rubber Duck is squeezing is her left breast.

He can't figure it out. What is this? It's warm and soft. His hand wanders up to find hair and a face. And it bites!

DUCK
Jesus Christ!

Duck jerks his hand back which causes his truck to swerve suddenly.*

*Simultaneously, but unheard by Duck, the C.B. is SCREECHING something about approaching bear in a plain wrapper.

64 EXT. DUCK'S TRUCK AND LYLE'S CAR - DAY

Lyle, who is beside Duck's truck now, has to swerve to avoid a collision. He turns a little too hard, however, hits a high bank on the road, leaps up maybe twenty feet in the air, and at the apex of its arc smashes through a billboard which reads: TAKE A FRIEND TO CHURCH.

The car then lands on the roof of an old barn and collapses it spectacularly.

65 CLOSE ON LYLE

Scared shitless, but otherwise he's okay. Praise the Lord for unearned favors.

66 INT. DUCK'S RIG - DAY

DUCK
(looking back at the wreck)
Godalmighty!

APRIL
(pressed up against Duck, also looking back)
You really did it, didn't you?

DUCK
I did it! You were the one that ... What are you doing here anyway?

APRIL
It was your friend Violet's idea... Think he's all right?

Duck looks back, sees...

67 HIS POV - LYLE'S CAR

has a C.B. antenna.

68 BACK TO SCENE

Duck picks up the C.B.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

DUCK
(hesitantly)
Rubber Duck to Lyle. Got your ears on there, good buddy?

LYLE (V.O.)
(after a moment)
Yeah, I can hear you.

DUCK
You okay? Need a meat wagon or something?

69 EXT. LYLE'S CAR AND THE WRECKAGE - DAY

Lyle is fuming. He's more mad than hurt.

LYLE
No. I'm just fine, Rubber Duck.

DUCK (V.O.)
Well, that's a relief. You know I was gettin' to like you.

LYLE
Yeah, well listen here, ass breath, the charges just went up from felony assault one count to felony assault two counts plus escape, plus false imprisonment, plus attempted...

DUCK (V.O.)
(interrupting)
Yeah, but, hoss, you forgetting one thing. You got to catch us first.

LYLE
I got the state police in on this right now. You hear me? Lyle Wallace and the state police gonna lunch your ass.

70 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Sure enough, there are three highway patrol cars, advertising on, SIRENS SCREAMING death and damnation, hauling ass to make connection with Lyle.

71 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The convoy roaring along like a runaway freight train.

72 INT. RUBBER DUCK'S TRUCK

Duck is on the C.B. and reading a map at the same time.

DUCK
Think that's the road at the top of the ridge there.

PIG PEN (V.O.)
Yeah, that's gotta be it.

DUCK
Kay-bye. We gone.

April is sitting there looking a little apprehensive.

APRIL
Look, I've been thinking this thing over, and maybe I should get out. I think I could hitch a ride quite easily and...

Duck frowns at her. Don't say nothin'.

APRIL
(continuing)
So, if you'll just pull over, I'll start getting my things.

She reaches in back, tugs her suitcase out. Duck doesn't pay her any mind.

APRIL
(continuing)
Well, I'm ready.

DUCK
For what?

APRIL
To get out.

DUCK
You want out?

APRIL
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

DUCK
Okay.

Duck reaches across, opens the passenger door, and starts to shove April out of the speeding truck. She screams.

DUCK
(continuing)
We're being chased, numb-nuts.
If you want out, jump!

She gives him a look that could fry pancakes.

73 EXT. LYLE'S CRASH SITE - DAY

Lyle waits by the side of the road as the convoy of state trooper cars arrive. The first one pulls over. Lyle hops in.

74 INT. FIRST CAR - DAY

Lyle offers his hand, handcuff dangling.

LYLE
Lyle Wallace. Phoenix City P.D.

The trooper LIEUTENANT offers his hand.

C.H.P. LIEUTENANT
Bob Bookman and I hate truckers.

75 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Duck is on the C.B.

DUCK
Here we are. Take a left here.

76 EXT. HIGHWAY AND GRAVEL ROAD - DAY

Duck turns off onto a dirt road which stretches out straight as an arrow across the desert. The six other eighteen-wheelers follow. Seven times eighteen equals one hundred and twenty-six wheels kicking up gravel and rock and dust off the dirt road. A huge cloud of dust starts to rise.

77 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

April looks around worried.

APRIL
You sure about this?

DUCK
You want to drive?

78 INT. LYLE'S CAR - DAY

Lyle looks ahead noticing the cloud of dust on the horizon. It stands out like an atomic mushroom.

LYLE
There!

79 EXT. HIGHWAY - POLICE CARS - DAY

SEEN THROUGH A LONG FOCAL LENGTH LENS, the police cars come straight TOWARDS US, disappearing and appearing, flying up, then smashing down, they blast over dips in the road.

80 INT. LAST COP CAR (MOVING POV) - DAY

SEEN from the last car, the police cars ahead turn off the highway onto the gravel road where the trucks went.

A cloud of dust rises almost immediately.

81 THE DRIVER

He peers out into the grayness. His vision is dangerously obscured.

82 EXT. CURVES IN THE GRAVEL ROAD AND TRUCKS - DAY

The trucks move two abreast now to decrease their dust problems, but make it even worse for the police behind. It is like driving the Grand Prix in a blinding fog.

83 INT. FIRST POLICE CAR - DAY

The police cars move much faster than the trucks and in no time are hot on their tails.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

LYLE
(reaching for
the riot gun)
Close in!

TROOPER DRIVER
I can't see a damn thing.

84 INT. LAST COP CAR - DAY

The dust is even worse for the last police car. The Driver squints, looking into the grayness. Coughing.

85 INT. SECOND COP CAR - DAY

He rolls up a window, then shuts off the vents and holds a handkerchief over his mouth to cut the dust.

86 EXT. A CURVE IN THE ROAD - DAY

The trucks go through, kicking up dust. Lyle's car goes through, right square on the last truck's tail. He's followed by the second police car, then...

87 INT. THIRD POLICE CAR - DAY

He's coughing like mad and can't see a thing but gray, which causes him to make a mistake.

88 EXT. CURVE IN THE ROAD - DAY

The last Driver misses the curve and plows straight on ahead, ripping out a section of barbed wire, demolishing a yucca tree, then hits an embankment and rolls twice. 1ST CAR #3

In a moment the dust clears as the Driver gets out and says a fast little prayer.

89 EXT. GRAVEL STRAIGHTAWAY - DAY

Trucks moving like crazy.

90 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

He looks at his heat gauge. It's way up there. Red line. Pushing too long and too hard.

He's worried.

91 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY

Pig Pen on the C.B.

PIG PEN
Pig Pen. I mean Love Machine to Duck. How far we got to go, Duck?

DUCK (V.O.)
Few miles.

PIG PEN
This ain't what my rig was built for.

DUCK (V.O.)
I hear ya.

PIG PEN
I mean I'm worried about my waterbed bustin'. She ain't had this much shaking since I caught them twin sisters over in Carlsbad.

92 INT. MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY

Mike is running backdoor. As he checks his rear-view mirror, all he can make out are the flashing red bubble gum machines. Then, suddenly, as they hit a stretch of oiled road and the dust clears, the police can be SEEN perfectly.

93 EXT. OILED ROAD - DAY

The police make their move. They increase speed and attempt to pass Mad Mike on the left, but Mike swerves in front of them, blocking their way. The police car attempts going back around the inside, but Mike swerves again, causing the Trooper driver to overreact and swerve into an embankment and almost lose control.

94 EXT. OILED ROAD - DAY

Motor Mike weaves left and right, blocking the police behind him, then finally takes a position running side by side with the truck in front of him. The police are effectively blocked from passing.

95 INT. MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY

Mike looks across at the trucker opposite him, Pig Pen.

PIG PEN (V.O.)
(on the C.B.)
Hiya, Motor Mike. Hear tell we got some bodacious bears behind us.

MOTOR MIKE
Do tell? Well, let's widen up here. Take a look.

96 EXT. TWO TRUCKS AND OILED ROAD - DAY

The two trucks, still running side by side, split apart so they create a lane between them.

97 INT. LYLE'S CAR - DAY

LYLE
There you go. Move!

The Trooper steps on it and they move up between the trailers of the two trucks.

98 INT. MOTOR MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY

PIG PEN (V.O.)
(on C.B.)
I don't see bears, do you, Motor Mike?

MOTOR MIKE
(on C.B.)
Naw. I don't see nothin'.

PIG PEN (V.O.)
Okay, on three. One, two three!

The two trucks suddenly veer together catching the police car in a squeeze play.

99 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Lyle and the State Trooper react with utter horror.

LYLE
Stop!

The Trooper brakes, but too late. The two trailers whip in together, catching the police car in between their rear wheels, bashing in the doors, side windows, and front fenders of the car. Blue, burning rubber rises up from the front wheels, then almost simultaneously the front tires burst and the car fishtails to inglorious defeat.

Lyle and the Trooper sit there in the still police car. Neither says a word. After a moment, the Trooper leans over to Lyle.

TROOPER
Sheee-it!

DISSOLVE TO:

100 A SIGN

says: WELCOME TO NEW MEXICO

101 EXT. HIGHWAY AND GRAVEL ROAD - DAY

The convoy has turned off the gravel road onto the highway. They're safe now.

102 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

DUCK
(singing)
Jingle bells... jingle bells...
jingle all the way...

April looks at him and grins as he BLASTS his air HORN. It's a big, deep-throated bass roar. Sounds like a train. It's to a four-wheeler's horn what, say, Johnny Cash is to David Bowie.

Pig Pen begins HONKING and pretty soon all seven trucks are BLASTING away. The loudest damn NOISE you're ever likely to hear. A powerful gesture of togetherness.

MUSIC. Pause for celebration. Might have a little truck driving MUSIC here.

103 INT. DUCK'S RIG - DAY

Duck on the C.B.

DUCK
Owhee! Motor Mike. Pig Pen. You boys somethin' else now.

MOTOR MIKE (V.O.)
Just doin' a job... That right, Pig?

PIG PEN (V.O.)
That's right, boy, and the handle is Love Machine.

104 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY 2nd DAY OF SHOOTING

Pig Pen spots a convoy of three trucks and a chartreuse van at a crossroad up ahead.

PIG PEN
Breaker. Broke one-nine. This is the Love Machine lookin' fer them rigs on the side up there. Got a copy on me? How 'bout it...

DRIVER (V.O.)
Ten-roger. We gotcha, Love Machine. Back at ya.

PIG PEN
Whattaya doin' sittin' there, come on.

DRIVER (V.O.)
Waitin' for you. We heard you modulatin' the last half hour and we know all that's gone on and we definitely want to give you all and especially Rubber Duck contratulations for a job well done.

PIG PEN
Well, we sure do thank you now.

DRIVER (V.O.)
Ten-four. And if it'd be all right with you, the Silver Bullet, Sneaky Snake, and this here is Big Nasty... We'd be real proud to be part of your convoy.

VOICE
And don't forget us...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

PIG PEN
For sure. For sure. Just slip 'em in the back door here.

DRIVER (BALD EAGLE) (V.O.)
Thank you, Love Machine. We all plenty proud to take a back door to the Rubber Duck.

DRIVER (BIG NASTY) (V.O.)
Er... yeah, we got a buncha long-haired friends of Jesus here.

105 EXT. VW VAN - DAY

"Honk if you're going to heaven" is written across the side of the van in big letters. A bunch of long-haired cowboy looking, Jesus freaks are inside.

VAN DRIVER (REVEREND ROADS)
Ten-roger. You got the Revrend Roads here. And I don't read nothing in scripture that says, 'Thou shalt not put the pedal to the metal!'

PIG PEN
Fer sure. Fer sure. Reverend Roads Just slip 'em in the back door there. We definitely happy to have God on our side!

DRIVER (BIG NASTY)
Thank you, Love Machine. We all plenty proud to take a back door to the Rubber Duck.

106 INT. DUCK'S RIG - DAY

April is listening to the C.B. fascinated. It's a whole new world to her.

APRIL
All these people seem to know you.

DUCK
Mmmmm.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

APRIL
(teasing)
I'm very impressed. Here I am with a celebrity.

Duck gives her about a quarter dose of his best sneer.

DUCK
Least you know who you're riding with.

APRIL
(offering her hand)
Oh, I'm sorry. My name is April Gordon.

DUCK
Oh... well, that explains everything.

APRIL
You mean you're wondering why I'm in the truck.

DUCK
No. That's clear enough. I figure you were sexually attracted to me and you didn't have where-with-all to go through the normal channels so you just took a desperate devil-may-care fling. Happens to me all the time.

APRIL
No, sorry. That wasn't it.

DUCK
But you do brush your teeth regular?

APRIL
What?

DUCK
My hand.

APRIL
Oh, I'm sorry about that. You grabbed me on... a rather sensitive area.

DUCK
Yes, I'm sorry, but I didn't expect a sensitive area to be back in my sleeper.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

APRIL
Look. I better explain something. This was all your friend Violet's idea. She thought that once you were underway, that you might be more amenable to taking a passenger to Atlanta. Also, she said that if I offered to pay for your speeding ticket, I might be of some help. How much was it?

DUCK
Two hundred.

APRIL
Two hundred! For speeding?

DUCK
Uh-huh. Fifty each for three of us plus another fifty for loss of time and inconvenience.

APRIL
That's what a plane ticket would cost.

DUCK
So take a plane. I didn't ask you to come along.

APRIL
I'm afraid of flying... How about a hundred and fifty?

He starts to slow down.

APRIL
(continuing)
What are you doing?

DUCK
Letting you out.

APRIL
There's nothing out there but desert.

DUCK
No. There's a telephone pole up there you can stand in the shade of it.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

APRIL
But how...?

DUCK
Hitchhike.

APRIL
I can't hitchhike.

DUCK
Sure you can. Just stick out your thumb and shake your ass. Simple.

APRIL
Okay. Wait a minute... One seventy-five.

DUCK
Two. I saw what kind of car you were driving.

She looks out at the vast emptiness of the desert. The great persuader.

APRIL
Okay. Okay. A hundred now and a hundred more when we get there. If we get there on time. It's very important we get there on time.

DUCK
No sweat.

She begins fishing bills out of her purse.

DUCK
Why the rush?

APRIL
I have to be in court. I'm getting divorced.

DUCK
Oh... Like a sandwich? Egg and onion here. Violet made 'em.

APRIL
No thanks.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (4)

DUCK
You sure? Hey, I saw a good one today. Trucker's graffiti. Written on a wall...
'Here I sit, broken hearted.
I took four whites,
then my damn truck wouldn't
get started.'

Duck laughs like it's the funniest thing in the world. April looks at him with a stone face. Different worlds.

DUCK
(continuing)
Long trip, this one.

107 A SERIES OF SHORT SCENES UNDER TRUCK DRIVING MUSIC

1. The convoy moving along pretty countryside. There are more rigs now. It's growing.

2. Duck, Pig Pen, and Motor Mike bullshitting on the RADIO with the new drivers. Everybody is having a good time. It is like a big party.

3. A new rig comes down the highway toward the convoy. He waves wildly at everybody. Looking for friends.

4. April watches out the window as some cowboys move a herd of cattle along the road. With their beaten, weathered faces and similar attire, the cowboys and truckers appear to be one and the same.

5. The driver of the back door signals "come on and join us" to a truck they pass at an intersection. ✓

13 Trucks ✓

108 EXT. HIGHWAY AND CONVOY - DAY

The convoy now totals out at fourteen. Mostly big interstate rigs. There's one short hauler for a peanut butter manufacturer. Behind that, there's a bright gold leaf painted truck with black scrolled lettering across the side that says "SEPTIC SAM YOUR SEWER MAN... You Dump it, We Pump it." Also, a number of rigs with names across their trailers of big trucking firms and the various products they haul.

109 EXT. HIGHWAY AND INTERSECTION - DAY

Two more trucks wait for the tail of the convoy to pass, then join in.

110 INT. RUBBER DUCK'S RIG - DAY

April sticks her head out the window to check the size of the convoy, then pulls herself back in. She is amazed.

DUCK
Big?

APRIL
Unbelievable.

Duck chuckles.

APRIL
(continuing)
You usually travel in groups like this?

DUCK
This is bigger than most.

APRIL
Why do you do it?

DUCK
To dodge bears.

APRIL
Wouldn't it be easier to just obey the speed limit?

DUCK
You kiddin'? I obey that law and I'd be broke in a month. An owner-operator like we just barely got by when the law was sixty-five.

It doesn't seem to make an impression on her. She nibbles on some Fritos.

DUCK
Look. Before the damn politicians changed the law, I was making let's say sixty-five miles an hour average. Now, say I go ten less miles each hour I work, which is one hundred and fifty less miles a day. You know what that is?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

APRIL
What?

DUCK
A fifteen percent cut in my pay. How'd you like the government to cut your salary fifteen percent.

APRIL
I can see where you have a point.

DUCK
Damn right I got a point. And I'll tell you something else, too. Those snake politicians and those damn oil companies are all playing kissey-face thinking of better ways to slip it to Mr. and Mrs. You and me.

APRIL
I'll go along with that.

DUCK
Right. So you know what I say?

APRIL
What?

DUCK
HAMMER DOWN!

She laughs. At least he can joke about it.

111 EXT. A CHICKEN COOP - DAY

A chicken coop in trucker's parlance is a weight station where all trucks are supposed to stop.

112 INT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY

An officer sits inside watching traffic. He jumps up suddenly when he sees Duck's truck go by without stopping. But then he sees another truck go by and another and another ad infinitum. Aw, screw it! He sits back down and continues reading his Playboy.

113 THE SKY

A big jet-powered, four-seated helicopter approaches and begins to settle down TOWARD CAMERA.

114 EXT. ROOFTOP OF A POLICE STATION - DAY

The chopper settles down on the rooftop of a police station in a small New Mexico town.

Lyle is waiting there along with THREE LOCAL POLICE: the CHIEF and two underlings. They duck from the from the propwash as the chopper touches the helipad.

After a moment, TWO slim, handsomely-dressed MEN in business suits exit the chopper and follow the uniformed police into the station. There is an air of authority about these guys. The ruling class of beardom.

115 INT. ROOM IN THE POLICE STATION - DAY

The men are circled around a map on the wall.

LOCAL COP
(pointing at the map)
Right now they are located approximately here.

HAMILTON
And that's what? About fifty miles west?

LOCAL COP
Yessir. About that.

2ND FBI MAN
And this through here is mostly farmland?

LOCAL COP
(pointing)
Yes. There's a few houses in here.

2ND FBI MAN
Is it a good area for a roadblock?

LOCAL COP
(pointing)
Over here would be better, I believe. You've got rough terrain on either side of the road which makes a natural barrier.

The Second FBI Man looks at the first for confirmation.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

HAMILTON
Sure. Looks fine. How many trucks are there now?

LYLE
About sixteen last count, but the sonsabitches are like flies on shit. More keep a comin'.

The FBI man looks at Lyle with unconcealed distaste. A real class difference here.

HAMILTON
(to the Local Cop)
Okay. Get as many men out there as you can. We're in contact with a judge in Santa Fe and should have telephone authorization for a federal warrant in what? Twenty minutes?

2ND FBI MAN
About that.

CHIEF
Okay then, that's it?

HAMILTON
Uh-huh.

CHIEF
(to his assistant)
Go get the men together. I want Ridgeway and Bob Clark in on this too.

The two FBI men start out the door when Lyle approaches them.

LYLE
We didn't meet. My name is Lyle Wallace. I was the original arresting officer.

HAMILTON
Yes. Well things got a bit carried away, didn't they?

LYLE
You think some desk jockey could have handled it better?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

HAMILTON
Maybe not. But this is the first time since I've been with the Bureau that we've been called out to enforce a simple speeding violation.

LYLE
Well it's probably not going to be the last time with this ignorant fifty-five law you Washington people passed.

116 EXT. AN INTERSECTION - DAY

A smaller convoy of three trucks waits for the sixteen trucks until they can get in the backdoor of the bigger convoy.

117 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE ROAD - DAY

The police are putting up a roadblock. There are six cars blocking the road. In addition, there is a jail bus for mass arrests, three or four big diesel tow trucks, about twenty cops, each one carrying a shotgun, and a television newscrew running around filming the whole event.

118 EXT. SKY - HELICOPTER'S POV - THE CONVOY - DAY

The FBI helicopter flies along the length of the convoy and we get an idea of just how huge it has grown.

Just as important as size, is the nature of the convoy. They're all speeding of course. Eighty MPH plus. In addition, some trucks are moving two and three abreast. Cars have to pull over to the shoulder a half a mile before the convoy reaches them.

119 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Lyle and the FBI men are amazed by the size of the convoy. The thing seems to be growing by geometric proportion. The chopper races along the length of it and finally in a groove just above Duck's big black Mack.

HAMILTON
Unbelievable.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

Lyle replies with a sneer.

HAMILTON
(continuing)
And they're all in communication with each other over these citizen band radios?

LYLE
Right.

HAMILTON
(to the Pilot)
Is there any way I could speak to them on their radio?

PILOT
Sure. What are they on, channel nineteen?

LYLE
Right.

The Pilot makes the necessary adjustments on his radio then hands a mike to the FBI man, who takes a breath then speaks in a commanding tone of voice. It is not like anything else we've heard on the C.B.

HAMILTON
Attention all trucks! Attention all trucks! This is Inspector Hamilton of the FBI. You are ordered to stop your vehicles immediately! I repeat. Stop your vehicles immediately! You are traveling in violation of Federal Law.

There is not the slightest response from the convoy. Lyle looks at the FBI man. The guy can't talk the language.

HAMILTON
(continuing)
Attention driver...
(he checks a report)
Martin Penwald.

LYLE
Who?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

HAMILTON
Their leader, Penwald... Attention driver Martin Penwald. Do you read me, over.

No answer.

LYLE
You're doing it wrong. Just say Rubber Duck. You got a copy on me, Rubber Duck?

HAMILTON
'Rubber Duck?'

He can't get the hang of it.

LYLE
Yes. That's his C.B. handle. He won't answer to anything else -- go ahead.

HAMILTON
Attention driver 'Rubber Duck.' Stop your vehicle immediately. You are under arrest.

Again, no response from the trucks. None.

HAMILTON
(continuing)
Maybe they didn't hear me.

LYLE
Look, they have their own language. You better let me talk to them.

He hands Lyle the mike.

LYLE
(continuing)
Break one-nine. Break one-nine. This is the bear in the air Officer Lyle Wallace calling Rubber Jerk in that rattling piece of black crap at your front door. Come on.

No answer. Hamilton frowns at Lyle. His Eastern sensibilities are somewhat outraged.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

DUCK (V.O.)
(on radio)
Please don't be using that kind of language on the air, Lyle, and especially don't be using it in regard to my beautiful black truck. Over.

LYLE
That thing you call a truck is the sorriest pile of garbage I ever had the misfortune to write a citation on. And, Duck, take a look on up the road there, fella. We got us a roadblock up there with twenty armed men and they all got orders to shoot you and that black turd full of holes 'less you pull over. Come on.

DUCK (V.O.)
I asked you not to talk that way about my rig, Lyle.

LYLE
You can shove the dog piece of tin, Rubber Jerk.

120 INT. RUBBER DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

April is scared. She watches Duck who doesn't seem very concerned.

DUCK
Okay, Lyle, tell you what. I want you to do something for me. Go up there and personally stand on that roadblock. But before you do, take a look at the signs on the side of my trailer. See 'em. Chemicals it says. That's explosives, Lyle. Nitrogen chlorate. Class B explosives. Now I'm not sure what that'll do, but I have a feeling 'less those boys on the roadblock get outta my way real quick, they're gonna be sitting up on clouds eating angel food cake. Rubber Duck. We gone. Bye.

He switches off the radio. April looks at him with horror-filled eyes.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

APRIL
You kidding?

Duck answers with the accelerator. Rrrummmm! No he ain't kidding.

121 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY

On the C.B.

PIG PEN
Get on Rubber Duck! Get on!
Owweee!

122 INT. CHOPPER - DAY

LYLE
He's just bluffin'. Don't pay any attention.

The mike is open as Lyle speaks. He's surprised when DUCK'S VOICE cuts through.

DUCK (V.O.)
You think so, Lyle. C'mon down here and check my manifest. Just see if I'm bluffin'.

HAMILTON
You want to be responsible for all those lives.
(to the Pilot)
Call the roadblock. Tell them to get the hell out of there.

123 EXT. ROADBLOCK AND CONVOY - HELICOPTER'S POV - DAY

SEEN from the chopper, the convoy is dangerously close to the roadblock and not slowing down. Duck's threat is not an idle one.

124 EXT. THE ROADBLOCK - HIGHWAY - DAY

The MAN in charge is on the radio. He gets the news about the explosives and his face goes ashen.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

COP IN CHARGE
Clear it out. Quick move!
Clear it!

He runs around waving his arms. Yelling. Pushing cars out of the way.

The convoy is just a couple hundred yards away and coming at ninety per.

125 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - POV - DAY

April is panicking.

APRIL
Holy Jesus.

Duck throttles down. A crazy look in his eyes.

126 EXT. THE ROADBLOCK - DAY

They're having trouble moving the center car of the roadblock.

COP IN CHARGE
Push it! Take the brake off.
Push it.

127 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - POV - DAY

April screams as the police push the car out of the way at the last possible second. And even then don't get it all the way out. Duck's front bumper clips the rear of the police car and sends it spinning around.

128 INT. MOTOR MIKE'S TRUCK

He speeds on through right behind Duck. Victory! He's grinning.

129 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY

He races through waving his middle finger at the cops.

130 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

April is scared to death, breathing as if she had just run a couple of miles. Duck chuckles a maniacal little laugh.

APRIL
Jesus Christ. You're out of your mind!

Har. Har. Har.

131 EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

The cops are resting against their cars experiencing the post-adrenalin-rush-shakes when the Chief looks at the convoy and the town in the distance and realizes...!

CHIEF
Oh my God! They're headed right for town!

He leaps in his car and roars off, SIREN and full advertising on. He is followed by the rest of the cars who speed along the shoulders of the road, passing the slower moving convoy.

132 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Duck watches the police cars race towards his truck and is only mildly surprised when they speed on up ahead of him.

He sees the outskirts of the city and realizes why.

133 INT. CHIEF'S CAR - DAY

The Chief is on the radio.

CHIEF
I want all traffic, everything stopped! And hurry... Oh... God.

134 EXT. INTERSECTION AT THE EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

Traffic is moving normally when suddenly six police SIRENS are HEARD WAILING and WHOOPING in the distance. Traffic stops as it normally would for an ambulance or fire engine. But then a motorcycle cop appears suddenly and tries to shoo the cars even further out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

He doesn't have much success before the convoy with a seven car police escort comes racing, speeding, weaving in and out of traffic, over onto the wrong side of the street, careening through the intersection.

135 EXT. ANOTHER INTERSECTION - DAY

Same story. It is spectacular. Like something between a presidential motorcade and the Union Pacific racing straight down Main Street U.S.A.

136 EXT. A STRAIGHT STRETCH IN TOWN - DAY

The bystanders can't believe it. Craziest damn thing they ever saw. Million trucks screaming through town and a police escort.

One small boy waves. He likes trucks.

137 INT. MOTOR MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY

He waves back. He's playing his harmonica. Having a good time.

138 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

He's laughing like crazy, having the time of his life. April doesn't know whether to scream or cry or laugh or what.

139 EXT. CITY LIMITS - DAY

Trucks are still pouring into town. It's huge, this convoy!

140 EXT. CITY LIMITS - THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN - DAY

The police clear the last traffic on the opposite side of town and Rubber Duck and the lead trucks go on through.

141 INT. CHIEF'S CAR - DAY

He sinks back in his seat. Total exhaustion. Relief. Whatever. Thank God nobody was hurt.

142 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

He's watching the side-view mirror. The trucks behind him.

DUCK
Will you look at that? You ever seen so many trucks?

He starts laughing. A deep, hearty laugh. It is an important moment. He realizes the power of this thing he has created.

April looks at him. The sudden display of emotion scares her at first. But then it starts to get to her, too. They cleared the town for us. Stopped everything and all on a bluff... Or was it a bluff?

Duck puts his arm around April. Tousles her hair. Nothin' personal. Just nice and friendly. April grins. Duck laughs at her and pretty soon she's laughing too.

APRIL
Hammer down, kimosabe!

DUCK
Now you're gettin' the hang of it.

A warm feeling here.

143 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY

On the C.B.

PIG PEN
Goddam, boys, but we got us a real convoy here. A real by-God convoy.

144 EXT. THE CONVOY - A HELICOPTER'S POV - COUNTRYSIDE - HIGHWAY - DAY

The entire length of the convoy is SEEN. Rubber Duck weaves back and forth across the highway, right shoulder to left shoulder. All the trucks behind follow the leader and it creates a big snake dance effect. A million trucks weaving back and forth across the highway. A damn impressive sight.

145 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

A girl about seventeen, pretty in a coquettish way, is standing beside the road speaking into a citizen's band walkie-talkie.

DARLENE
Hello. Calling everybody. Calling everybody. My name is Darlene and I'm five foot three. I have blue eyes and blonde hair and I'm hitchhiking east here at marker 345. I think that some trucker out there would really enjoy my company. Do you '<u>read</u> me'? '<u>Come</u> on'?

146 EXT. HIGHWAY AND CONVOY - DAY

Suddenly chaos breaks loose. What was a straight, orderly column becomes a mad scramble -- as trucks pass each other on the shoulders of both sides of the road, trying to be first to meet this temptress of the road.

Pig Pen, driven by an unquenchable animal passion, seems to have the leading edge.

His big Mack edges a White off the shoulder and into a barbed wire fence. The White takes out about fifty yards of barbed wire posts and fencing before it can stop.

147 EXT. BESIDE THE ROAD - DARLENE - DAY

She waves happily when she sees the trucks coming down the road. A ride at last! But then as the trucks get closer and she sees <u>five</u> big rig diesels racing down the highway side by side, her joy changes to terror.

Nowhere to run!

She goes left, right, then finally has to settle for the puny protection of a single telephone pole. She stands behind it, closes her eyes, and quivers.

CAMERA HOLDS on the sweet, terrified thing as there is the tremendous SOUND of FIVE SETS of AIR BRAKES, TIRES SQUEALING, ENGINES ROARING, and TRAILERS BANGING and JACKKNIFING off each other.

148 ANOTHER ANGLE

When she opens her eyes, there are five horney truckers standing in front of her, each one extolling the virtues of his rig.

"I got tuck and roll. A water bed. Blue flake paint. I'll buy you dinner. Custom award winner. Don't listen to him. He's married. Darlin', I'll take you for the ride of your life. I'll take you anywhere. Anywhere you want to go."

She's never been so flattered in her life. Her eyelashes flutter. She blushes.

DARLENE
Well, I'm just not sure.

Finally, she has to resort to mysticism.

DARLENE
(continuing)
Eenie, meenie, miny, moe...

And her finger comes to rest on Pig Pen.

PIG PEN
Bless you, darlin'. Come right this way.

He points out his rig and she smiles, happy that the gods have chosen such a beautiful truck for her. But as she approaches closer, she gets a look at its trailer, and worse, she gets a whiff of what it is carrying.

DARLENE
My gosh!

Pig Pen acts fast before she can change her mind. He takes her by the elbow and rushes her into the truck.

PIG PEN
Don't worry, darlin'. The stink blows back behind... all those others in back is the ones that got to worry.

DARLENE
(delicate, bewildered)
But...

PIG PEN
That's it. Just step inside.

149 INT. RUBBER DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Duck laughs as he drives past Pig Pen and the other four disgruntled drivers.

DUCK
That Pig Pen's got the way with women. Lookit that. Four other truckers and he scores easy as pie.

Widow Woman's VOICE breaks in on the C.B.

WIDOW WOMAN (V.O.)
Breaker Breaker. Widow Woman to Motor Mike. How come you ain't in that, Mike? You're young and frisky.

MOTOR MIKE (V.O.)
You know I'm saving myself for you, Widow Woman. True Love.

Duck picks up the microphone.

DUCK
You watch yourself, Mike. She'll do you in the way she did the last four of her husbands.

WIDOW WOMAN (V.O.)
Aw go sit on a cold carrot, Duck. Everyone of my husbands died happy men. I done loved them to death.

April is sipping a can of beer and laughing at the C.B. chatter.

APRIL
You know what. I have to get myself a handle.

DUCK
(kidding in a nice way)
Bucketmouth.

APRIL
Come on.

DUCK
No. I got it. There you go.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

He points at a road sign that reads "DANGEROUS CURVES."

APRIL
Dangerous Curves! That's great. That's really great. Thanks.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

DUCK
Mmmm. I like those dangerous curves.

APRIL
The curves like you.

April beams. Sips her beer. A spark.

150 INT. PIG PEN'S RIG - DAY

Pig Pen is just charming the be-Jesus out of his passenger.

PIG PEN
See. Didn't I tell you? Can't smell a thing, can you?

DARLENE
(sniffs the air)
No.

PIG PEN
Yup. The wind leaves the smell behind. Har. Har. Want to see my sleeper?

He unzips the leather partition to the sleeper. Darlene gives the infamous whorehouse sleeper the once over, but it doesn't seem to phase her. Possibly she is too naive to understand its intention.

PIG PEN
(continuing)
That's a waterbed. And real velvet there. And you like music? I got quad.

She shoves an eight-track in the player. Something soft and seductive. Pig looks her over. What luck!

PIG PEN
(continuing)
You'll like riding with me.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

He grins suggestively. She lowers her eyes shyly.

PIG PEN
(continuing; world weary)
I don't know. These long lonely days on the road can get you down. Like the song says, it's sad to be alone. Still, I got my work to think about. I gotta get these go-go girls into Washington, D.C. by tomorrow. Goverment property. But maybe I shouldn't be telling you that.

DARLENE
Telling me what?

PIG PEN
About the government. I'm not at liberty to talk about it.

DARLENE
Why? It's some sort of secret?

PIG PEN
Well, let's just put it this way. Don't it seem a little odd to you that a rig like this, I mean with your pink rabbit fur side paneling and all, would be carrying stinking hogs? Don't that seem a little strange?

DARLENE
Now that you mention it...

PIG PEN
(a big secret)
These are not your ordinary pigs. These are government pigs.

DARLENE
(impressed, confused)
They have something to do with the swine flu maybe?

PIG PEN
(mysterioso)
Possibly. Possibly something to do with behind the Iron Curtain ... But maybe I've said too much already.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

PIG PEN (CONT'D)
(oozing charm)
Why don't we talk about you now.

DARLENE
Me? There's nothing very exciting in my life.

PIG PEN
That's a good idea hitching with the C.B. like that. Where you headed?

DARLENE
East.

PIG PEN
You look sorta like Piper Laurie. Anybody ever tell you that?

DARLENE
No. This really is a nice truck you have.

PIG PEN
(his favorite subject)
Yeah. I put a lot of work in on it. Over two thousand dollars worth of chrome alone. Plus all the little luxury items inside. You seen the mirrors in the sleeper? You know I coulda got just plain stereo but quad is...

As Pig Pen talks, Darlene starts taking off her clothes. She has stripped down to her bra and panties before Pig Pen turns and sees her.

He stares at her in utter stupification.

PIG PEN
Damn! I knew women liked my truck, but...

A sudden hardness comes across Darlene's face.

DARLENE
I'm under eighteen years old and I'm going to scream rape.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

PIG PEN
What?

DARLENE
(screams)
Rape!

PIG PEN
(suddenly panicked)
Wait. Stop! Somebody will...

She stops.

PIG PEN
(continuing)
What's wrong with you? I didn't touch you.

DARLENE
I know you didn't, but I'm screaming rape and I'm getting on that radio and screaming rape and I ain't gonna stop unless you give me twenty-five dollars.

PIG PEN
But I don't have twenty-five dollars.

DARLENE
Rape! Rape! Rape!

She reaches for the C.B. but he stops her.

PIG PEN
Okay. Okay.

He takes a bill from a special hiding place in the window visor. A hundred dollar bill.

PIG PEN
(continuing)
Do you have any change? I only have a hundred.

She grabs it.

DARLENE
That'll do.

PIG PEN
Now wait a minute.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

DARLENE
I'll scream. Those other truckers will tear you apart.

Pig Pen shuts up.

DARLENE
(continuing)
Now pull over and let me out. Do it!

Pig Pen pulls over and she slips her clothes back on.

151 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Pig Pen's truck pulls over and Darlene jumps out. Pig Pen looks at her with a mixture of rage and bone-weary sadness. The life of a trucker.

DARLENE
'Bye, chump.

PIG PEN
Don't you tell nobody you did this to me! Don't tell nobody. Hear! Hear me! Nobody. I'll murder you.

One of the trucks BLASTS an AIR HORN as it goes by. Pig Pen turns and flips him the bird.

PIG PEN
(continuing)
Aw shut up!

152 EXT. HIGHWAY AND CONVOY - DAY

The KWTZ-YOU ARE THERE NEWS TEAM car is driving alongside the convoy, filming the trucks and drivers.

153 POV MINIPAC TV NEWS CAMERA

The drivers wave and yell at the camera. One after another -- Mad Mike, Widow Woman, Mississippi Flash. But when the camera gets to Basketball's rig, it finds something a little unexpected. A moon, a bare ass sticking out of the window where a head and shoulders should be.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

The cameraman swears and shuts off the camera. The other NEWSPEOPLE laugh.

NEWSMAN
Who's the leader?

A TRUCKER
The front door's Rubber Duck.
First truck.

154 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Duck is driving along when suddenly a microphone attached to a pole is shoved up to his side window.

He looks over and sees the news car and a reporter hanging out the window speaking through a bullhorn.

NEWSMAN
Rubber Duck?

DUCK
Uh?

NEWSMAN
John Everly... KWTZ News.

April looks up excitedly. This is something she understands.

Duck waves at the Newsman.

DUCK
How do...

NEWSMAN
Perhaps you could tell our news cameras what's going on out here, Mr. Duck? We have reports that you refused to stop at a roadblock and threatened to blow up your truck and kill all the police. Are you carrying explosives?

DUCK
Yessir. That's right.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

NEWSMAN
Why are you refusing to stop? And refusing to obey the speed limit.

DUCK
Because that's what convoys do.

NEWSMAN
Yes, but what's the reason? What are you protesting?

DUCK
Sorry. I don't like talkin' to cameras.

He starts rolling up his side window when April grabs him.

APRIL
Go on. Tell him about the speed limit.

DUCK
Somebody else can do it.

APRIL
But you're the leader.

DUCK
I hate the news. Too depressing.

NEWSMAN
(shouts)
Rubber Duck. Tell us what you're protesting. What is the protest about?

DUCK
(contemptuously)
'Protesting' -- see what I mean?

APRIL
No, wait. Maybe it would work for you. Tell them you're a protest march. Civil disobedience.

Duck gives her a look like he has a bad taste in his mouth.

APRIL
(continuing)
It could get you off the hook.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

APRIL (CONT'D)
Now you're just a common criminal. Don't you see? You've committed felonies.

NEWSMAN
(yells)
Tell us where you're headed.

APRIL
(leans past Duck, yells)
Washington, D.C. We're filing a class action suit against seven oil companies and the United States Government.
(to Duck)
Understand? A protest march can get away with anything.

It begins to dawn on Duck what she is suggesting.

DUCK
Y'know? You're about half smart.

APRIL
That's an understatement.

He unrolls the window and yells at the Newsman:

DUCK
Yeah. I'll talk to you. Turn your camera on.

155 EXT. TRUCK - (TV IMAGE) - DAY

Duck is being interviewed while driving his truck. He's talking a mile a minute. Really into it.

DUCK
Yessir. We're headin' right up to Washington, D.C. It's the workingman against big government stupidity... You know what this double-nickel speed limit costs the average trucker? Fifteen percent of his take-home. How would you like it if Uncle Sam ripped off fifteen percent of your salary?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

DUCK (CONT'D)
And on top of that, how about these oil prices? These big oil companies and these A-rabs sneaking around wearing bed sheets, y'know. They're raking in big bucks while Mr. and Mrs. Average American are taking it in the shorts. And I'll tell you something else. This country would be a whole lot better off if they brought back public hanging. Public, televised hanging for politicians. Pick 'em at random and hang one per week and you better believe it'd straighten out America real quick.

156 INT. A TRUCK STOP - DAY

A TRUCKER and a WAITRESS are watching the news on TV.

NEWS ANCHORMAN
(TV image)
Rubber Duck and his lady co-driver Dangerous Curves' final words to us were 'Hell no! We won't stop!' And with over a hundred thousand truckers across the country rallying to the cause, you can be sure the convoy won't be stopped.

TRUCKER
Damn! That's me.

WAITRESS
What?

TRUCKER
I got to be part of that.

He gets up to leave.

WAITRESS
You're leaving? But you don't have a load to haul.

TRUCKER
(hurrying out)
Who cares? I'll drive the tractor.

(CONTINUED)

157 EXT. ANOTHER TRUCK STOP - DAY

A quick SERIES of dynamic SHOTS of big diesels being started up. Three or four truckers hurrying to join up. Everybody wants to be part of it.

158 EXT. GARAGE WITH BIKERS - DAY

Even bikers want to join up. A gang with signs on the backs of their jackets that say SATAN'S MOTHERS fire up their big Harley Irons.

159 INT. AN ELECTRIC INVALID CAR - DAY

An OLD MAN in a three-wheel electric invalid cart is talking on the C.B. like he's a big-deal trucker.

OLD MAN
Break one-nine for Eighteen Wheel Eddie. I'm screwing it down in my cabover Pete trying to catch up with you, convoy. And I say damn the double nickel! Come on.

160 EXT. HIGHWAY AND CONVOY - DAY

The convoy is moving along nicely.

SEEN from a SIDE ANGLE, the convoy crosses the ridge of a hill. As it is silhouetted against the sun, it looks like a typical "long line" SHOT from a John Ford movie.

161 TV FILM - DUCK AT THE WHEEL OF HIS TRUCK - DAY

DUCK
Well, I think it just shows how we're all in this together. We're tired of the government stepping on the little guy's toes, and what's happening here shows that we aren't about to give up until this law gets changed.

NEWS ANCHORMAN
Meanwhile, as the convoy has grown, the nature of the protest has changed from simply a spontaneous uprising of disgruntled truck drivers to a popular movement against an unpopular law.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
There are more than just trucks involved now. Private automobiles equipped with Citizen's Band radios have joined. Our reporters have counted a wide variety of vehicles including Greyhound buses ... an old fire engine... a bus with a touring country-and-western band... a micro-bus full of Jesus freaks... and twenty-four members of the Satan's Mothers motorcycle gang...

162 INT. NATIONAL GUARD COMMANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Lyle and the two FBI men are in an office which overlooks the National Guard Armory, more listening to than watching the TV newscast. Out in the yard, jeeps, tanks, trucks, and some uniformed men can be SEEN.

A secretary walks into the office.

A CAPTAIN
Turn down that TV, honey. They're talking to the Governor's office.

A NATIONAL GUARD GENERAL and Hamilton are on the phones. Lyle and another Army officer stand by watching.

GENERAL
Yes, I understand.

HAMILTON
But we're almost positive that it is a bluff. And by using the military equipment, the tank, we can call the bluff without endangering the lives of our men ... or any civilians.

GENERAL
... Two hours. A hundred men in two hours...

HAMILTON
Yes... thank you. Goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

They hang up. Lyle steps up.

LYLE
So?

HAMILTON
He'll speak to the Governor. We should have a decision real soon.

Lyle looks at his watch, grumbling.

LYLE
Red tape...

163 INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The GOVERNOR is one of the new breed of politicians. Young. Smart. In a few years he'll be as snaky as the rest.

He sits at his desk, dividing his attention between the TV news of the convoy and TWO ADVISORS, an older one who comes off like a Dixiecrat senator and a younger one, a kid learning the ropes.

OLDER ADVISOR
Absolutely. Absolutely yes. You got a real old-time showdown here.

YOUNG ADVISOR
I agree. It's great stuff for the campaign.

On the TV, there is a shot of a crowd of people cheering the convoy. Then a gang of bikers waving at the crowd.

GOVERNOR
(amused)
Did you see that lady trucker? She gave the police the finger.

OLDER ADVISOR
I'll tell you, you couldn't ask for a better opportunity to make the headlines. Mobilize.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

GOVERNOR
Sure. And think about Kent State, too. You should watch this, Henry. It's a hell of a thing.

OLDER ADVISOR
Truckers and bikers.

GOVERNOR
No. Average people. To tell you the truth, I think this convoy has more public support than we do.

The Older Advisor watches the TV. There is a scene of the convoy running through a red light, then a woman in a station wagon talking on a C.B.

OLDER ADVISOR
Why are they doing it, just the speed limit?

GOVERNOR
That and I suppose they find the anarchy of the thing attractive.

OLDER ADVISOR
Well, isn't that the point? They're breaking the law and it's important for you to make a reputation as a law-and-order man.

GOVERNOR
Your chauffeur breaks that law every day, Henry.

It gives the Older Advisor pause. He looks at the Governor. The man has a point.

OLDER ADVISOR
Then what are you suggesting?

GOVERNOR
If you can't kill 'em, kiss 'em.

164 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

As the trucks race BY CAMERA, their headlights FLARE OUT THE FILM in blinding flashes of white light.

165 EXT. ROAD AND COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

From a HIGH ANGLE, in what should be an impressive SHOT, we SEE truck headlights stretching back for miles and miles across the black, empty farmland.

This is the first time we'll see the convoy at night.

166 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Duck has been teaching April how to operate the truck. She sits in the driver's seat with Duck, snuggled up against him.

DUCK
All yours.

He lets go of the wheel and puts his arm around her. She grabs the wheel, frightened, but then as she gets the feel of it, a thrilled look comes across her face... Power.

She weaves a little to the right, then left. A grin spreads from ear to ear. She's thoroughly enjoying herself. Duck snuggles his arm up a little tighter around her and she likes that too.

DUCK
(continuing)
Like it?

APRIL
Uh-huh.

DUCK
Good. I'm going to sleep.

He closes his eyes and pretends to doze.

APRIL
Duck! Goddammit!

He pops up again.

APRIL
(continuing)
Now show me how to work it. I'm serious.

He begins pointing it all out.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

DUCK
Okay. This thing here is the gearshift. You have sixteen forward gears. This here knob is for your transfer case. And don't ever touch that lever... But this...

APRIL
I know what that is.

DUCK
Good, then why don't you get up on my lap here.

APRIL
Why?

DUCK
So I can give you the most important lesson.

APRIL
What's that? How to drive while trucking?

DUCK
Something like that.

APRIL
Seems like that might be pretty dangerous.

DUCK
You call yourself Dangerous Curves, don't you?

APRIL
Dangerous, not suicidal.

DUCK
You're in safe hands. I haven't had an accident in ten years.

APRIL
Thanks anyway.

DUCK
Now wait a minute. Look at it this way. Granted, this isn't the most ideal situation in a lot of ways, but you have to look at life as an adventure and learning experience, right? Am I right?

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

APRIL
Right.

DUCK
So think how nice it'll be when you get old to tell your little granddaughters how you once made love in the driver's seat of a truck full of explosives going eighty-five miles an hour, huh? Now, isn't that something to write home about?

APRIL
You know, you've inspired an honest response from me.

DUCK
Go ahead, be honest.

APRIL
I've had men coming on to me since I was fifteen years old, but that is just about the most unusual and enticing proposition I think I've ever had.

DUCK
I've been called the Michelangelo of contemporary truckology.

APRIL
Whatever you are, you're hard to pass up.

167 EXT. TRUCK AND HIGHWAY - DAY

SEEN from a HIGH ANGLE, Duck's truck weaves back and forth across the road as Duck, obviously trucking while driving, has difficulty controlling his vehicle.

DISSOLVE:

168 EXT. HIGHWAY AND PEDESTRIAN OVERPASS - NIGHT

There is a pedestrian overpass ahead with a big sign hanging over the edge reading "WELCOME TRUCKERS - BAN 55."

169 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Duck sees the sign and the people. He and April are dressed, but somewhat spent-looking now.

DUCK
What the hell?

April looks.

APRIL
Are they welcoming us?

170 EXT. HIGHWAY AND SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

As they enter the small town, cars packed full of teenagers pull out from side roads. They drive along with the convoy cheering and waving at the truckers. Some of the girls blow kisses.

The greeting is similar to the welcome a triumphant army would get as it liberates a town.

Some of the trucker groupies take Instamatic photos of their heroes. One teenage girl wrestles out of the grasp of her father and finally manages to run up to a truck, climb on the running board, and give the driver a passionate hug and kiss.

171 AN OLD CAR

Two old women driving a battered car pull up alongside Rubber Duck. ONE of them holds out a basket of fruit and cake which, of course, Duck can't stop to accept, but he thanks them anyway.

OLD LADY
God bless you, Rubber Duck.

DUCK
Thank you, ladies, and God bless you.

172 POLICE

Behind the ladies are two police motorcycles and a police car. The motorcycle officers honk their horns and wave the ladies out of the way.

173 DUCK

As the cops pull up alongside the truck, he looks at them with apprehension.

174 GOVERNOR'S ASSISTANT

The younger of the Governor's two Assistants is hanging out the back window of the police car.

ASSISTANT
Hello. Greetings, Rubber Duck.

Duck's eyes harden.

ASSISTANT
(continuing)
I'm Chuck Arnoldi, Special Assistant to Governor Haskins. Can you stop? I'd like to talk to you.

Duck shakes his head no.

ASSISTANT
(continuing)
I have a message from the Governor.

Duck gestures, so what.

ASSISTANT
(continuing)
Then if you won't stop, can you slow down so I can climb on your running board and talk?

Duck slows and waves, come on. Then the Governor's Assistant gets out of the cop car and climbs on board the slow-moving truck. A news car follows with its cameras filming.

175 DUCK'S TRUCK

ASSISTANT
Hello.

DUCK
What's on your mind?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT
First, on behalf of Governor Haskins, I would like to welcome you to our state. The Governor has long had an interest in the problems of the trucking industry and he asked me to extend an invitation to the convoy to spend the night here in town.

Duck cocks an eyebrow.

DUCK
Horseshit.

ASSISTANT
No. It's true. He'd like to come out and meet you. We've got a field set aside outside of town here where you can stay the night. You must be tired, aren't you?

DUCK
Get off my truck.

ASSISTANT
Look, I'm absolutely sincere. The police won't bother you. They have orders to...

DUCK
Get off...

ASSISTANT
Okay. Wait. I'll level with you. Can I level with you?

DUCK
Level with me.

ASSISTANT
The Governor has been requested to call out the National Guard on you. But he has an election coming up, y'understand. And you see those people...
(indicating the truck groupies)
They're voters. How's it going to look to them if the Governor tells the army to blow the shit out of your convoy, huh?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (2)

APRIL
He's got a point.

DUCK
So why's he want to see me?

ASSISTANT
Just to talk. Maybe he can help you. Maybe you can help him. You're trying to accomplish things for your people. He has the power to get things done.

DUCK
(to April)
What do you think?

APRIL
I think it sounds snaky enough to be real.

DUCK
(thinks for a moment)
I'm gonna want a guarantee. Hands off truckers. No speeding tickets for under sixty-five as long as the convoy's in this state.

ASSISTANT
I think the Governor would agree to that.

DUCK
And I want it in writing.

ASSISTANT
Fair enough.

DUCK
And just to make sure, we're just gonna keep you with us.

Duck grins at the Assistant as he rolls up the window on the Assistant's arm.

The cop car pulls out in front and begins escorting the convoy.

DISSOLVE:

176 EXT. THE FIELD - CONVOY -- NIGHT

SEEN from a HIGH ANGLE, the convoy has organized itself in a circle configuration like a wagon train might make to protect itself from Indians. Duck's truck is in the center, alone. Some of the trucks' headlights are on, which light up the big open area in the middle.

There are a great number of people and a lot of activity.

177 A PART OF CAMP - BIKERS

A group of bikers are riotously drunk on beer. They race their big Harley Davidsons at a huge bonfire, then go up a ramp and leap the fire.

One of the bikers misses and crashes in the fire. As he screams, his friends laugh and extinguish the flames by shaking up their bottles and shooting the contents at him.

178 A TRUCK RODEO

A bunch of truckers are having a slalom race. They race their trucks around pylons while nearby some other truckers are having a drag race. The tractors are lined up, gunning their engines, as a pretty blonde stands between them and waves her bra as a signal to start.

The tractors roar off and scatter a group of drunk bikers.

In another part of the camp, a big GMC "General" and a Mack are having a tug-a-war. They're connected rear to rear by a twenty-foot section of chain. The mammoth machines thunder, their rear wheels spin and kick up mud. Finally, the Mack wins, pulling the GMC into the muddy gully that separates them.

179 ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP

Two big house trailers. Some lawn chairs outside, and truckers lounging around drinking beer with some ladies who, if their scanty attire be any indication, are definitely <u>not</u> parishioners of the good Reverend.

One trucker takes his date, a woman in a hot pink nightie, into the trailer for some professional consultation.

Three enterprising caterers, the pickup truck-type that sells bad Mexican food, are parked together and doing a land-office business.

180 SINGERS

A group of truckers sit around a campfire drinking beer and singing. Two truckers are feeding the fire with pages from their log books.

181 DIESEL FUEL

A tanker truck is moving from truck to truck selling diesel fuel. A sign on the back announces the price, 54.9.

182 ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP

The friends of Jesus from the micro bus are conducting a C.B. wedding. A C.B. microphone is passed between BRIDE, GROOM, and the good Reverend as they say their vows.

REVEREND
And do you, Cookie Monster, take this woman...

He forgot her name.

BRIDE
(blushing)
Tonalove.

REVEREND
Tonalove, to be your wedded wife.

GROOM
A big ten-four on that one.

REVEREND
Then I now pronounce you man and wife.

As Tonalove and Cookie Monster kiss, the best man, BLACK BOB, plays the Wedding March on a bugle.

183 ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP

Romance is in the air. Duck and April walks arm in arm at a pretty spot beside a stream. Duck is whispering precious little romantic, obscene nothings in April's ear when Motor Mike comes ambling up.

MOTOR MIKE
Hello, Dangerous Curves.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

APRIL
(laughs)
Hey, you remembered.

DUCK
Can you believe this crowd, Mike? We really got us a thing here, huh?

MOTOR MIKE
Sure do. It's really somethin'. I hate to be leavin' it.

DUCK
You're going?

MOTOR MIKE
Yup. I just phoned home and the wife says she's starting labor. How about that, huh?

DUCK
That's great.

APRIL
Well, what are you standing around here for?

MOTOR MIKE
I just wanted to say it's been a pleasure knowing you, Duck, and I appreciate all you've done for me.

DUCK
Well, God bless you, and I hope it's a boy and he grows up to be a trucker just like his daddy.

Duck puts an arm around him, then April gives him a kiss.

MOTOR MIKE
Catch you on the bounce around.

DUCK
For sure.

Motor Mike starts off for his truck.

APRIL
Nice guy.

DUCK
Sure is. Real nice.

184 EXT. MOTOR MIKE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Motor Mike climbs in. Fires it up and starts to back out of the circle.

185 EXT. SMOKEY IN A PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER - NIGHT

An unmarked police car is parked outside the perimeter of the camp. Two plainclothes cops observe Motor Mike's truck as it leaves. The one on the driver's side picks up his mike and says something indistinguishable.

Up to no good, these fellas.

DISSOLVE TO:

186 MOTORHOME AND ENCAMPMENT

A super luxury Apollo motorhome with a police escort weaves its way through the trucks until it gets to the center of the encampment. It stops.

It takes a moment for the dust to clear, then the driver steps out and holds open the door for the Governor, who is followed out by a woman (LADY MAYOR) and his two advisors.

The Governor, playing the hearty politician, approaches Duck with his arms outstretched to hug him. Duck, on the other hand, is a little wary of such familiarity. He offers a stiff handshake.

GOVERNOR
Rubber Duck. Glad to meet you. And this must be Dangerous Curves. How do you do?

APRIL
(offers a ladylike hand)
Fine, thank you.

The Governor turns to the woman he came with. She's about fifty and looks like she fell out of an ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down.

GOVERNOR
This is Mayor Fawcett of the town here. And Senator Boscom and Bob Harte.

The two Advisors and the Lady Mayor all exchange handshakes. The Lady Mayor looks around at the truckers with a hot eye. A passionate woman.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

GOVERNOR
(continuing)
Well, this is some gathering you have here, Rubber Duck. You're quite a leader.

DUCK
We didn't set out to lead nobody. It just happened.

GOVERNOR
Still, you've brought some well deserved attention to some important issues here.

Two news camera crews have rushed up and the Governor speaks more to them than to Duck.

GOVERNOR
(continuing)
There's a growing disenchantment with the fifty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit and it's about time that those of us in public office listened to the voice of the people.

DUCK
No shit.

GOVERNOR
Yes. Well, I'm here to listen to your ideas, Rubber Duck, so why don't you come in my motor home here and we'll talk turkey.

As they start inside, the Lady Mayor slides up to Pig Pen.

LADY MAYOR
Hello. Are you a trucker?

PIG PEN
Uh-huh... Pi... I mean Love Machine is my name.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (2)

She extends her hand. Pig takes it hesitantly. He's not used to shaking hands with ladies.

LADY MAYOR
What an unusual name, Love Machine. Why do they call you that?

PIG PEN
On account of my custom award-winning truck. Ever been in a truck?

LADY MAYOR
No, and I would just love to see one.

PIG PEN
Well, good. You might as well start with a winner. I've got velvet drapes and quadraphonic sound...

As they start off for Pig Pen's truck, Duck looks back at them and grins. Oh, wouldn't it be nice?

187 EXT. STREET IN A SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

It is two a.m. Motor Mike is chugging along, homeward bound.

188 INT. MIKE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Suddenly the silence is broken off by the WAIL of a SIREN. Mike looks in the side mirror and sees nothing but flashing bubble gum machine.

He pulls over.

189 EXT. STREET - TRUCK AND POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The black-and-white pulls up beside the truck.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

There are two smokeys inside. The one on the driver's side gets out first. He's a stocky dude in a brown uniform. Something familiar about him.

MOTOR MIKE
Hey, man, I was doing an even thirty-five, legal.

Then Mike gets a good look at the cop and realizes... it is Lyle.

MOTOR MIKE
(continuing)
Lyle...! This ain't even your state!

LYLE
That don't make any difference. You know where you are...? Alvarez, Texas. Trucker's Hell.

MOTOR MIKE
Tiny Alvarez!

The other cop, who is built like two diesel radiators stacked on top of each other, nods yes. He is TINY ALVAREZ, and his name and his town are notorious with every trucker in America. Both have their guns drawn.

LYLE
Call him 'Your Honor.' He's the judge here too.

TINY
Yeah. We figured you'd be coming through my town so I deputized Lyle.

LYLE
Tiny don't like truckers, son.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: (2)

TINY
Yeah, we got something in common.

Tiny begins cuffing Mike's hands behind his back.

MAD MIKE
Hey, don't do this now. I got to get to the hospital. My wife is in labor.

LYLE
Tell me somethin', Tiny. How do you people here deal with an 'assault against an officer' charge?

TINY
We don't deal with it. What we deal with is an 'escape' charge. Like for instance I'm gonna turn my back right here and whattaya want to bet that boy tries to escape.

Tiny turns his back. Mike stands there, helpless, handcuffed.

LYLE
Yup. You're right. He's trying to escape.

TINY
Then you better quick do somethin' about it.

THUD! Lyle smashes Mike in the groin, then follows up with another blow to the face, then another and another.

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT, TIGHTER on Lyle. We are spared the gore of the beating, but the sadistic glee with which it is delivered is horrifying enough.

190 INT. TRUCKER'S HELL JAIL - CLOSE ON MIKE'S FACE - NIGHT

as he is thrown into the jail cell. It is horrible. Both eyes are puffed and cut. His nose is twisted to one side, and some teeth are missing. The beating will be with him for the rest of his life.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

He collapses on the bunk.

A WIZENED MAN is sweeping the cell corridor. He wears a "keep on truckin'" hat so we know he's cool. Another trucker victimized by Trucker's Hell. He waits a moment after Lyle and Tiny have left before he rushes over to Mike.

OLD MAN
Kid. You all right?

MOTOR MIKE
Uhhhh...

Every movement causes excruciating pain.

OLD MAN
I heard them talking. Are you from the convoy?

Mike groans an affirmative.

OLD MAN
(continuing)
Don't worry, kid. I'll get help. Just take it easy.

DISSOLVE:

191 INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

The Old Man, while pretending to sweep the office, sees that Tiny Alvarez is in the can tending to himself. He drops his broom, goes over to the radio, and switches it to channel nineteen.

OLD MAN
Break one-nine, break one-nine. Emergency ten-thirty-three. Any westbound eighteen wheelers read me? Come on.

DISSOLVE:

192 INT. A WESTBOUND TRUCK - NIGHT

Somewhere out there in the dark, lonely night, a TRUCKER has his C.B. on.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

TRUCKER
I got a copy on you. Go.

OLD MAN'S VOICE
I need a message relayed west to Rubber Duck and the convoy. Motor Mike is in jail in Alvarez, Texas. Lyle beat him near to death. He needs help. You understand that? Come back?

TRUCKER
Ten-four... I copy you good. I'll relay it on up.

193 INT. ANOTHER WESTBOUND TRUCK - NIGHT

A new driver gets the message on the C.B.

VOICE ON THE C.B.
Ten-thirty-three. Motor Mike is in jail in Alvarez, Texas. Lyle beat him half to death. He needs help...

194 EXT. ANOTHER WESTBOUND TRUCK - NIGHT

The message is relayed on.

TRUCKER
Motor Mike needs help. Rubber Duck and the convoy. You got a copy on me? Ten-thirty-three Emergency. Repeat. Mad Mike...

(We should get the feeling of an old-time movie montage through this sequence. Lots of CLOSE SHOTS of antennas, wheels, TILTING, FRAMING, movement. Milk all the drama out of it that we can.)

195 INT. SOMEONE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A KID, monitoring the C.B., calls on a home unit, spreads the word.

KID
It's the worst speed trap in the country. Lyle and Tiny Alvarez beat him half to death.

196 EXT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

The husband drives. There are a lot of kids in the back as the WIFE talks on the C.B.

WIDE
Emergency! Ten-thirty-three. Motor Mike in jail in Alvarez, Texas.

197 EXT. CAMPGROUND - WIDOW WOMAN - NIGHT

She turns into a TIGHT CLOSEUP. Panic. Rage.

WIDOW WOMAN
The sonsabitches got Mike!

198 EXT. CAMP - BESIDE THE GOVERNOR'S MOTOR HOME - NIGHT

Duck and the Governor are beside the motor home shaking hands. It has been a good meeting. The Governor has completely won over Duck.

GOVERNOR
I'm going to speak to Senators Jackson and Stern, and the three of us will take your case right to the White House. Nobody likes this law and I'm convinced...

A crowd of irate truckers led by Widow Woman comes running up. It is like a lynch mob. Everybody is yelling at once.

DUCK
What's wrong?

WIDOW WOMAN
They got Mike. Lyle and Tiny Alvarez got him in Trucker's Hell. They beat him half to death and got him in jail!

OTHER VOICES
(AD LIB)
We took enough off Lyle... That's the worst speed trap in the country ... I took a beating off Tiny once ... No trucker's safe in that town. Mike's half dead, they said.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

DUCK
Hold it down! Quiet.

He turns to the Governor, who is a little overwhelmed by the vehemence of the mob.

APRIL
Can you help us? This is a nice kid.

GOVERNOR
I'll do what I can, but officially, I have no power there.

DUCK
Then we'll have to get him out ourselves.

WIDOW WOMAN
Let's wipe that shithole off the map!

There are shouts of: Yeah, let's go! Let's bust him out! We gotta stop Lyle. Duck starts to lead the others off when the Governor grabs him.

GOVERNOR
Wait! You're going to blow it. There are things we can accomplish here.

APRIL
He's right, Duck.

DUCK
No. I been in that jail. I know what it's like and I had it with Lyle. Let's go!

Duck grabs April and pulls her with him as everybody goes running off to their trucks.

The Governor stands there shaking his head. They're making a real mistake.

199 PIG PEN'S TRUCK

He leans out of the window and shouts at the running truckers:

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

PIG PEN
Where y'all goin'?

A TRUCKER
Bustin' Mike outta Trucker's Hell. Start her up!

PIG PEN
I'm comin'.

He turns and grabs someone in the sleeper cab. The Lady Mayor.

He pats her on the ass. She straightens her wig, then kisses Pig Pen and climbs out as the big diesel engine starts with a ROAR. She's learned something about trucking.

200 A SERIES OF SHOTS UNDER MUSIC - TRUCKS MOVING OUT

SEEN in heroic LOW ANGLE images (like the famous beginnings of the cattle drive in "Red River"). The truckers fire up their rigs. The mighty Petes. The mighty K-whoppers ROAR to life. The very ground shakes with the fury of the huge diesels.

Widow Woman shouts a rebel yell, soon joined by fifty other truckers. Then someone BLASTS an AIR HORN, which is immediately joined by fifty other HORNS BLASTING thunder and damnation.

Again, SEEN from LOW ANGLES, Duck's rig moves out, followed by Pig Pen's, then Widow Woman's and the rest.

God help Smokey the Bear.

201 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

The convoy is smaller now. But we're working with just the creme de la creme. A vanguard attack squadron of twenty-five mad dog truckers.

They head down the two-lane highway two abreast, silhouetted by the rising sun.

Oncoming traffic has to swerve off onto the shoulder to avoid head-ons.

202 RUBBER DUCK

He hones his already evil disposition to a foul edge.

203 PIG PEN

The U.S. Marines couldn't keep him out of this one.

204 WIDOW WOMAN

Haunted by the ghosts of truckers past. Four husbands lost to the road. Legends to live up to. Enough woman for any ten men.

205 EXT. A TRAIN CROSSING - DAY

The wooden restraining barrier lowers across the road, but Duck ain't having none of it. He crashes through, rendering the cross-arm into a million toothpicks.

206 EXT. THE APPROACHING TRAIN - DAY

There is a horrible SQUEAL as the engineer slams on the brakes to stop the train. The convoy up ahead shows no sign of stopping.

207 THE TRUCKS

They head on through the crossing two abreast. Fuck the train! It'll be the other way around this time, the train can stop for us! And it does! It SQUEALS to a halt just inches away from the passing trucks.

The engineer lets out a sigh of relief. Jesus...

208 EXT. HIGHWAY - TWENTY-FIVE TRUCKS - DAY

moving. A backdrop of black storm clouds.

BUILDING emotion. The long march.

209 EXT. A TOLL BRIDGE - DAY

A puny little toll booth at a puny little bridge. The attendant sticks his hand out to collect his due.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

He is outraged when the lead truck not only doesn't stop to pay but smashes through the wooden restraining arm and makes it across the bridge. And he is even more outraged when the next truck smashes into his toll booth and demolishes it. And is even further outraged when yet a third truck smashes into it, and then another and another. He is left standing there in a pile of rubble shaking his head. No twenty-five cents this time.

210 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - TRUCKER'S HELL - MORNING

Lyle and Tiny Alvarez are playing penny ante poker and drinking from a bottle of Slow Death. A real meeting of the minds here. Kindred spirits.

Lyle looks up from his pair of threes.

LYLE
What's that?

TINY
What?

LYLE
Listen...

Tiny listens. There's a kind of LOW ROAR in the distance.

TINY
Yeah.

They open the door and look down the main street of the small town.

211 EXT. MAIN STREET AND HIGHWAY - THEIR POV - DAY

In the distance, where the interstate highway disappears over a hill, there's a strange little black cloud.

TINY
That ain't no rain cloud.

He's right. It's diesel smoke.

This has to be spectacular. Picture this. The trucks slowly rise up over the ridge of the hill. Twenty-five abreast, spread out like Indians on a Little Big Horn ridge, waiting for the signal to attack.

212 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND STREET - DAY

Tiny near faints.

TINY
Holy shit!

He grabs a shotgun, then followed by Lyle, hops in his black-and-white and roars up the street a couple of blocks.

213 EXT. HILL AND TRUCKS - DAY

The trucks charge! They race down the hill and take formation on the Interstate. Four abreast, they charge into the town. Then four more. And four more. And four more. And four more. Truck power! They're like a fleet of bombers coming to destroy enemy territory.

214 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Ahhhhhh! He shouts a crazy Indian war whoop over the C.B.

215 EXT. AN INTERSECTION - DAY

Lyle and Tiny decide to make their escape when they reach the Interstate (Main) at Third Streets. They watch as the convoy gets closer and closer and shows no sign of stopping.

A glimmer of fear passes across Lyle's face as he realizes they're trapped.

216 THE CONVOY

This has to be one of those images that seem to sum up what a movie is all about. The convoy approaches the edge of town, then enters. It is a two-lane road here, but the four trucks running abreast ain't gonna change formation. The two trucks on the outer edge just drive up on the sidewalk. Parking meters are flattened. And news racks. And bicycles. And a Volkswagen. And awnings. And everything else in the way of the trucks. They come down two blocks of city street like that, demolishing everything in their path.

217 LYLE AND TINY

LYLE
Let's get the hell outta here.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

Lyle starts the police car. Spins around in a U-turn and takes off back toward the police station.

218 ANOTHER INTERSECTION

In his panic, Lyle takes the corner too wide and hits a Buick coming the opposite way. His car is rendered useless and the two police have to take off on foot.

Tiny finds safety in the alcove doorway of a bank while Lyle runs across the street towards a public park.

219 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Rage written across Duck's face, he takes off after Lyle. He drives up over the curb into the park.

220 EXT. PARK AND TRUCKS - DAY

Pig Pen and Widow Woman's trucks follow Duck in their pursuit of Lyle. Their big rigs smash park benches, topple small trees, shear water fountains, and scatter picnickers.

221 LYLE AND BASEBALL BACKSTOP

Terrified, he takes refuge behind a chain-link baseball backstop. But the three trucks drive through it like it isn't even there. Poles are bent and uprooted. Fencing is caught and strung all over the cabs and trailers of the trucks.

Lyle keeps on running.

222 QUONSET HUTS

Lyle runs between two gardener's shacks. The trucks don't let that bother them. They just run right through both of them. Sheets of tin fly all over.

Lyle screams.

223 STREET AND COURTHOUSE LAWN

Lyle runs out of the park and across the street to the courthouse lawn. The trucks follow, destroying trees and flowers and barely missing a wino or two.

224 EXT. COURTHOUSE AND POLICE STATION - DAY

Lyle runs into the police station.

225 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

He thinks he is safe here. He grabs at some shotguns mounted on the wall behind the desk when suddenly the whole front of the building caves in. Duck's truck smashes through and pushes the desk and furniture and file cabinets back against Lyle, pinning him to the back wall.

226 DUCK

He steps out of his rig. Slow and easy. Brushes some dust off his pants.

DUCK
Where's Mike?

LYLE
(panicked, talking fast)
Back in the jail there.

Pig Pen and Widow Woman have run back to the jail cell to release Mike.

Lyle is eyeing a shotgun on the floor by the desk but before he can get to it, Duck picks it up and pumps a shell into the chamber.

LYLE
(continuing)
Wait, Duck. Don't!

Pig Pen and Widow Woman help a battered Motor Mike the office. Duck looks at him and can hardly believe it.

DUCK
Jesus...

MOTOR MIKE
Yeah, and I feel it too.

DUCK
(indicating Lyle)
Well, it's your turn now. Work him over.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

Mike walks up to Lyle. The room goes quiet. He picks up a piece of broken chair. Rears back to hit him, but slowly has a change of heart and lets the club drop.

MOTOR MIKE
I got better things to do.

Duck raises the shotgun, aims at the terrified man's head.

APRIL
Duck! Don't!

She runs at Duck but she's too late. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The shotgun BLASTS a tight halo of fist-sized holes around Lyle's head. The room is deadly quiet.

Duck pumps another shell in the chamber. Points the gun at Lyle's nose. His lips tremble. His face twitches.

DUCK
Kiss my ass.

LYLE
Huh?

DUCK
Come over here and kiss it.

LYLE
I can't do...

BLAM! A hole is torn in the wall about an inch away from Lyle's right ear. BLAM! Another hole by his left ear.

DUCK
Kiss it!

Shaking, quivering with fear, Lyle climbs out from behind the desk and approaches Duck. He stops a few feet away, then stoops. Puckers his lips.

DUCK
(continuing)
You're pathetic.

WHAM! Duck nails him with a vicious uppercut that sends him crashing across the room into the arms of Widow Woman, who blasts him with a right cross, then pushes him back at Duck.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

Lyle is only able to get a couple of little defensive blows in as Duck proceeds to beat the living unmitigated shit out of him.

He hits him again and again, knocks him across the room and over the desk, and continues smashing him as he lies there a bloody pulp.

Finally, Duck backs off, exhausted.

DUCK
(continuing)
Let's get outta here.

He climbs in his rig.

227 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Duck fires up his truck and backs out of the front wall of the police station. The other drivers stream out and go to their trucks.

228 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Lyle is left alone, humiliated, bloody. He rises to his knees. Tries to stagger up. Can't make it.

After a moment, the Old Man with the "keep on truckin'" hat who helped Mike, peeks around the corner of the cell block, sees Lyle on his knees, then sneaks up behind him and gives him a tremendous kick in the ass that sends him head-first into a pile of rubble.

229 EXT. STREET IN TRUCKER'S HELL - DAY

Duck with April and Mike are driving to Mike's rig. They have to slow as a gang of a half dozen enranged hogs stampedes across the wreckage-strewn street. They are harnessed together and drag a battered, unconscious Tiny Alvarez behind them. Duck pulls up alongside Mike's rig. April and Mike get out.

MOTOR MIKE
Thanks again, Duck. Thanks for everything.

DUCK
S'all right.
(turning to April)
You sure you can handle the rig, honey?

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

APRIL
Mike will help me... They're really going to be on you now. You know that, Duck.

DUCK
We'll handle them.

APRIL
I wish you'd let me stay.

DUCK
Then how would Mike get back? That baby ain't gonna wait much longer... And show her the back roads, huh, Mike?

MOTOR MIKE
Sure.

DUCK
You be waiting for me in Atlanta, honey?

APRIL
Sure, Duck, but be careful, will you?

MOTOR MIKE
It's gonna get heavy.

DUCK
Well, we just keep on truckin', that's what it's all about. Keep on truckin'.

He gives April a kiss, shoves it in gear and goes. Mike and April stand there watching the black Mack until it disappears from view... Who was that masked man?

230 INT. TEXAS GOVERNOR'S MANSION - DAY

New governor. New state. They aren't so enlightened here. The fat old TEXAS GOVERNOR puffs a cigar as he talks on the phone.

TEXAS GOVERNOR
Bet your sweet ass I'm calling out the Guard. They aren't gonna pull that bullshit in my state. And I want everything you can throw at 'em. Tanks. Jeeps. And a goddamn jet. Get a goddamn phantom jet. Yeah.

231 EXT. NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - DAY

The Guard and police are mobilizing. Men run to their trucks. Rifles are issued. Flack jackets. A machine is loaded on a truck. A couple of noncoms are yelling orders to everybody in sight.

232 EXT. HIGHWAY AND CONVOY -- DAY

The troops have thinned somewhat. There are only a dozen trucks now. Rubber Duck in the lead, followed by Pig Pen, Widow Woman, and Basketball.

233 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Duck turns up the AM RADIO. The news is on.

NEWSMAN'S VOICE
... At last report, the convoy was east of Norton City and still breaking all the speeding laws. Meanwhile, there are reports that the Governor has mobilized the National Guard. This has not been confirmed by the Governor's Office, but WWST newsperson Jackson Wright reports seeing troops and equipment moving toward Webber City. What their mission is remains at this time a mystery. Elsewhere in the news...

Duck switches the RADIO OFF, then picks up the C.B.

DUCK
Break one nine. Calling all trucks. This here is the Duck ... I just heard on the radio that the Army got called out. I hate to say it, but you guys better start thinking about scattering.

PIG PEN (V.O.)
(on the C.B.)
Breaker. Breaker. This is Pig Pen. What are you gonna do, Duck?

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

DUCK
Try to make it to Mexico, I guess.

PIG PEN (V.O.)
Well, I'm sticking with you, Duck. It's been too good a haul.

WIDOW WOMAN (V.O.)
(on the C.B.)
Breaker. Widow Woman saying me too. I like them young Mexican boys.

DUCK
Well, I want you to know I think y'all crazy, but one thing about any National Guard. They still gotta catch us.

234 EXT. HELICOPTER AND SKY - DAY

The irony is that they've already been caught. A black-and-white police chopper hovers above watching their every move. The PILOT is on the radio to:

235 EXT. HIGHWAY - NATIONAL GUARD CONVOY - DAY

A convoy of Army and police vehicles. In the lead car, the two FBI men and Lyle.

236 INT. LEAD CAR - DAY

They're listening to the chopper on the RADIO.

PILOT'S VOICE
They're turning now. Southbound on... I can't tell what the road is from here. Over.

The FBI men are checking a map.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

HAMILTON
Is it a two-lane at the bottom of the valley there? Over.

PILOT'S VOICE
Yeah, that's it. Over.

HAMILTON
(checking map)
Then it must be Decker Road. Keep on 'em. Out.

2ND FBI MAN
(checking the map)
They must be going south, like this.

He traces a route with his finger.

HAMILTON
Yes, and we could head them off here. You know this area, Captain?

ARMY
Sure. Folgersville. You could make a stand at the bridge there. It's an excellent place.

HAMILTON
Then that's it.

DISSOLVE:

237 EXT. ROAD - DAY

The convoy moving along. Making time. Seventy-five. Eighty. Still a formidable force.

238 EXT. A BRIDGE AND RIVER - DAY

A big concrete span bridge crossing a river. <u>This is it</u>!

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

The same bridge that we saw at the opening of the story.

Jeeps and big Army and police trucks arrive and begin unloading. Chaos.

Men scurrying to set up gun emplacements. Preparation for battle.

An Army chopper moves above, monitoring everything. And most impressive of all, and indicative of the shit that is going to hit the proverbial fan, a big Army tank ROLLS INTO VIEW.

A silence falls over the crowd. The men stop their work and just stare. This is one huge mothering tank!

239 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

On the C.B.

DUCK
Break. Breaker. Front door calling the back door. Got your ears on?

240 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY

PIG PEN
Yeah, I got you, Duck. Come on.

DUCK'S VOICE
Smell any smoke back there, Pig Pen?

PIG PEN
It's clean far as I can see. Back.

241 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

DUCK
Break one-nine... Calling any westbound eighteen wheelers. Any of you westbound out there got a smokey report for Rubber Duck and the convoy?

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

A VOICE
Ten-four, Rubber Duck. This is
The Iron Duke at mile marker...

Suddenly the RADIO GOES DEAD and in place of the voice there is a HIGH WHINE. Duck adjusts the squelch, then flips through all forty channels. Same everywhere. This ain't right.

242 INT. PIG PEN'S TRUCK - DAY

He is also flipping through his channels. Same story. Nothing but WHINE.

243 EXT. A HILLTOP - DAY

An Army truck with powerful-looking antennas is parked on top of a hill. Obviously it is the source of the WHINE... The C.B.s are jammed. There will be no communication among the trucks.

244 EXT. A CURVE IN THE ROAD AND BUSHES - DAY

An Army tank is hidden in the bushes on the blind side of a curve. Soldiers camouflage it with bushes as another soldier on top of the nearby hill watches the road with binoculars.

245 EXT. HIGHWAY - THE CONVOY - DAY

SEEN from the vantage point of the Army lookout, the convoy can be SEEN far in the distance.

It approaches a wooded, mountainous area of twisting hairpin curves.

246 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Duck is worried. You can see it all over his face. He knows something is coming up.

247 INT. WIDOW WOMAN'S TRUCK - DAY

She can feel it too. Something is going to happen.

248 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The trucks negotiate the curves. Widow Woman's rig is about twenty yards behind Duck's. As each truck rounds a curve, it goes out of sight of the one ahead. An important point, because...

249 EXT. TOP OF HILL - ARMY LOOKOUT - DAY

The lookout spots the convoy coming and signals to the men at the tank.

250 EXT. CURVE IN THE ROAD - DAY

Duck's truck passes the hidden tank. But before the second truck can pass, the tank roars out of its hiding place and takes a position between Duck's truck and the next one in line.

251 INT. WIDOW WOMAN'S TRUCK - DAY

She sees the tank. But there is nothing she can do.

252 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

Duck is watching the tank in his side mirror. He shifts to a lower gear and steps on it.

253 EXT. TURNS IN THE ROAD - DAY

Duck easily outruns the slower tank. In no time, he's a couple hundred yards ahead of it.

The tank doesn't seem to be overly concerned with catching Duck, only separating him from the other trucks and blocking the back door.

254 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

He's getting all his rig can give him. His TIRES SQUEAL as they round the curves.

255 INT. TANK - DAY

It is an impressive sight, a tank moving at high speed like this. It chews up road. Spits out pieces of asphalt behind it.

256 EXT. DUCK'S TRUCK - DAY

It flies around a blind corner, then suddenly Duck slams on the brakes and it screeches to a halt. The trailer almost jackknifes.

257 INT. TRUCK - DAY

From an ANGLE PAST Duck, we SEE what has caused him to come to such an abrupt halt. The bridge is up ahead with the other tank, and the soldiers, and the police. There's nowhere he can go.

The first tank pulls up behind him. They have him boxed in.

Duck takes it all in with hard, impassive eyes.

POLICE P.A.
Surrender... Surrender immediately or you will be fired on.

White knuckles grab the steering wheel. Duck's eyes betray a startling weariness.

POLICE P.A.
(continuing)
Surrender. Get out of your truck with your hands over your head.

Duck's face is impassive.

POLICE P.A.
(continuing)
You will be fired upon unless you surrender. You have ten seconds. One... two... three...

Suddenly Duck shouts an ear-shattering Indian warhoop which, in turn, is drowned out by the bull ROAR of four hundred DIESEL HORSES while above, a black hammerhead of diesel smoke signals a declaration of war. Yaaaa!

258 THE CHARGE

SEEN from a LOW ANGLE, the truck leaps forward, charging a certain death, the tank ahead.

259 INT. THE TANK - DAY

The soldiers and police can't believe it. This crazy sonofabitch is charging us! The machine GUNNER fumbles with his weapon.

260 POLICE

surrounding the bridge. There's a mad rush for cover.

261 DUCK'S TRUCK AND TANK

Screaming that crazy Indian warhoop, his truck charges the tank. Almost miraculously, the truck squeezes into the space between the tank and the metal retaining wall on the inside edge of the bridge. The truck hits both the retaining wall and the tank, ripping its fenders and doors, but it does get past the tank onto the bridge.

262 INT. TANK - DAY

The Gunner screams at the other soldier.

GUNNER
Around. Around.

The turret begins twisting around.

263 RIOT CONTROL CAR

An armored riot control car is on the far end of the bridge. TEXAS STATE POLICE is written across the side in big letters. Lyle Wallace is in the turret on top of the car with a mounted M-60 MACHINE GUN. He shows none of the hesitation of the National Guardsmen. He puts his iron on automatic and CUTS LOOSE, full on rock and roll.

264 DUCK'S TRUCK

Bullets tear the windshield completely out. Steam shoots out of a punctured radiator. The Rubber Duck hood ornament is shot away. Still, the truck gets closer and closer with no sign of slowing.

265 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK

A bullet rips through Duck's arm. But he feels no pain and knows no fear. His mind is his shield. Rage.

266 LYLE WALLACE AND ARMORED CAR

A ragged edge of panic shows on Lyle's face. His bullets have no effect.

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

His barrel smokes as his bullets etch a jagged scar across a sign on the side of Duck's truck which reads VOLATILE CHEMICALS...

LYLE
Blow, you asshole.

267 INT. DUCK'S TRUCK

Duck pulls a lever which releases the trailer. His tractor separates from the trailer.

268 NEW ANGLE

(The OPENING SCENE explosion was SEEN from the POV of Lyle Wallace.) We SEE the bridge and the river below, and we SEE that just before the explosion, Duck steers the tractor only through the guard rail and into the river below.

The EXPLOSION GOES OFF. Pieces of truck, bridge, some wheels, and an uprooted tree float through the air. When that all settles, everybody... the police, soldiers, truckers, Pig Pen... runs up to the edge of the river and looks for Duck. Could he have lived through it? Can he still be alive? They search the water for a sign, but none is forthcoming.

Pig Pen shakes his head sadly. The Duck is dead. On that sad note, we...

DISSOLVE:

269 EXT. MAIN STREET - ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

Mrs. Motor Mike, Motor Mike, April and the Woman by-stander watch the funeral procession that we saw in the first part of the story.

The Woman looks from the procession to the baby, Rubber Duck II. A teardrop forms in the Woman's eye. Mute testimony to the emotional impact of the story she has just heard.

WOMAN
What a tragedy. What a terrible tragedy. He must have been someone very special.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED:

A man, previously unseen, steps up and puts his arm around April. Despite the beard and long hair, we can SEE that it is Rubber Duck wearing a disguise! He turns to the Woman, shakes his head sadly.

DUCK
Yup. He was the greatest truck driver that ever lived.

APRIL
(aside to Duck)
And swims as well as he trucks.

MUSIC RISES and CAMERA PULLS BACK PAST Duck and a loving April TO REVEAL the funeral procession. Trucks! Millions of trucks! The convoy lives on!

FADE OUT.

THE END